NEW YORK CLIPPER

OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865. | VOL. XIII.—No. 47. PRICE TEN CENTS.

OBSTINATE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY A. M. S.

"My husband is a very obstinate man."—Mrs. Gen. Grant.

Before the doomed city's gates
He ever watchful sits serene,
And patiently, undaunted waits
The triumph in his vision seen.

Though baffled oft, yet undismayed,
Ever pursuing, till attained,
The wished for object—he his way
"Obstinate" keeps. Soon will be gained

The one great aim which he pursues—
The downfall of his country's foes;
Obstinate Truth must win the fight,
And Error's days in misery close.

He—while watching in its place
That glorious Arch's grand keystone,
Destined to form the firm support
Of those now sundered joined in one—

Chooses his workman's Chiefs, and gives
Them his instructions for their guide,
So that what glories gild their deeds
Still brighter yet in him abide.

For every triumph by them gained
Reflects new lustre on his fame:
Whose grand designs they execute,
Who gave them power to do the same.

So while we praise the "glorious march,"
And the more glorious "valley ride,"
And write on fame's emblazoned scroll
The name of him who "Hood defied,"

Be doubly honored he whose great
And mighty genius laid that train,
(And chose those leaders it to fire)
Which shall make traitors' efforts vain.

Ay-e! and shall scatter wide and far
The fragments of their shattered hope,
While dawns the light of Truth's bright star
On those who now in darkness grope.

So to our armies' Leader praise
Through all Columbia's future years,
Those years of happier, brighter days,
Whose glimmering dawn e'en now appears.

ALFRED BURNETT. Humorist and Comic Lecturer. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CHAPMANS—THE QUEEN'S TAXES—FAMILY JARS—THE SURPRISE GIFT—RECONCILED.

It is a matter of considerable regret to the chronicler of this history that he is not at times permitted to trust something to imagination, and that he is, on the contrary, compelled to remain a hard relator of stern, unyielding facts. Were this latter not a necessity, he would have willingly suppressed the chapter here present, which refers to our old friends, the Chapmans. The pursuit by Athol and Latour of the sister of the stewardess of the Jessie Arnold had been since so frequently discussed in the good old town of Gravesend, that each detail became, in a manner, public property. Thus it was that, for the time, Mrs. Chapman and her partner grew to be persons of considerable importance. To a certain extent, this should have been beneficial to the establishment which it was at once their pride and interest to conduct. But, sad to relate, the popularity of the "Black Doll" was not enhanced thereby. A weakness of both the lady and the gentleman consisted in a perpetual effort to conquer their inborn dislike to liquors, both malt and spirituous. In this effort they became so triumphant, that "the Black Doll" was nearly starved.

Mrs. Chapman was invited out to tea parties, to discuss Lucy Marsden and her antecedents. In these social, feminine gatherings, after the cup that "cheers but not inebriates," glasses were introduced of another beverage, the effect of which is greatly to cheer but also to intoxicate. The result of this imbibing, and the excited loquacity which accompanied it, was that, in consequence of a headache, Mrs. C. found it difficult to rise in the morning. With Mr. C. the case was different. He was, among landlords of the various houses, a cherished pet; for the powers of absorption grew with exercise, and made him a valuable investment; but if in the evening he had brandy at the expense of other people, in the morning he was obliged to have soda water at his own. Mrs. C. couldn't get up; Mr. C. wouldn't, so that the Black Doll was suspended over a shop, the shutters of which were frequently not taken down till the approach of noon. Such neglectful treatment was enough to make the poor thing turn black in the face, if she had been endowed with feeling, or if she had not been already of the color of soot. Still, for a time, both Mr. and Mrs. C. continued to jog on comfortably; the daily wolf was kept from the door, while their growing ability to drink lessened their inclination to eat. From this dream of security, however, they were roughly awakened by most prosaic circumstances. A lively execution popped in for Queen's taxes simultaneously with an exhilarating demand for six months' rent. Troubles ever descend in battalions; and in pursuance of this time-honored maxim, on the very same day, Mr. C. became unpleasantly aware that Mrs. C. had purchased a portion of her stock on tally, while Mrs. C. discovered, by the county court summons being flung down in the shop, that Mr. C. had not discharged his little account for his last suit of clothes and velvet waistcoat.

"Mrs. C.," commenced her lord and master, "I will not ha-ave sich doings."

"Who are you?" retorted Mrs. C., irritated by the tea and "to follows" of the previous night.

"Who am *I*?" retorted Mr. C. "Who *am* I?" he asked, breathlessly. "Oh! Mrs. C.! Mrs. C.! I'm surprised of you!"

"Mr. C.! Mr. C.!" cried the lady, flourishing the county court summons, "what do you call this?"

"A mere form!" coolly answered the gentleman, "a mere form! And what do you call this—eh, Mrs. C.?" he demanded, flourishing the tallyman's peremptory application.

"A mere form!" retorted Mrs. C., in her husband's own words. "Nothing more!"

"And that's a mere form, I suppose!" cried Mr. C., pointing to the Queen's Taxes smoking his pipe in the back parlor.

"And this is a mere form, I suppose!" exclaimed Mrs. C., as she heard from an elderly party, just then entering the shop, that he had come to trouble her with a distraint, in consequence of the landlord learning that awkward affair of the Queen's Taxes.

"If you worry me in this way," cried the disgusted Chapman, "I—I can't attend to my business!"

"*Your* business!" replied Mrs. Chapman, with a sarcastic, wifely smile. "And what, I should like to know, is *your* business?"

"It is the rag and bone department!" proudly replied the husband.

"And all rags and bones we should be, retorted the wife, with usual feminine expression, "if *I* wasn't to watch the premises like a dog, as I am!"

"If you was a faithful dog, mum," savagely answered the husband, "you'd never'd a-suffered sich curs as these to come on the premises!"

"Call me a cur," cried the Queen's Taxes from behind, "and I'll knock your eye down your throat, so that you can see through your chestes!"

"You're beneath my notice," declared Chapman.

"Well, then, don't notice me," answered the Queen's Taxes, "or I shall elevate myself on the counter, and give yer a pat on the nose."

"Thank ye, sir!" cried Mrs. C.; "thank ye, sir, for taking a poor woman's part!"

"This is too much!" ejaculated Chapman. "I must have three-ha'perth o' gin."

"Gin!—gin's been the ruin of us both!"

"Hear, hear!" interrupted Mr. C.

"The way you've swigged it!" retaliated Mrs. C. "You—you beast!"

"Beasts walk on four legs, mum!" gracefully acknowledged Mr. C.

"Oh! they do, do they? Well, I think as I have seen monkeys at the Zohological Gardens as totter upon two!"

"I—I—I——"

"Now, look here, Chapman!" exclaimed Mrs. C., in a high pressure state of excitement. "You know what I am, and if you say another word, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

This logical and conclusive remark put a stop to the friendly discussion. Bankruptcy and disgrace would most certainly have fallen to the share of the mutually exasperated couple but for the arrival of a well-known public functionary, the postman with a letter.

"It's directed to me!" cried Mrs. C.

"I know the hand!" exclaimed the jealous Mr. C.

"You shan't read it, Chapman!" repeated the lady, attempting to hide it in affected alarm.

"I will have it! I know the hand! You're carrying on a clandecent correspondence with a man as black as the doll, you——"

"Everybody considers Mr. Latour," replied Mrs. C.,, "a most handsome man! He has such fine eyes!"

Now the eye was the weak part in Chapman's physiognomy. It was that kind of visual organ popularly supposed to resemble a "boiled gooseberry." Mrs. C. made no more to do, but opened and read the letter, removing an enclosure which looked uncommonly like a bank note.

"Chapman!" she cried, "we're saved!"

"As how?" inquired he with natural curiosity.

"The duck!" she ejaculated.

"What's a duck—who's a duck?"

"Read it, Chapman!" cried the lady—"read it! I declare it's enough to make me turn teetotal!"

"Then it must be exciting!" replied Chapman, glancing at the contents.

"Dear Mrs. Chapman.—Miss Marsden, my beloved mistress, ever mindful of old kindness, desires me to inform you that in return for the aid you were the means of affording her in an unhappy strait, she has purchased the lease, and completely furnished the new hotel at Alwhinton between Marsden and the Cheviots. All is now ready for your reception, and she hopes with me that the surprise, which must naturally attend such a gift, will add something to its value. Compliments to Mr. Chapman. Yours sincerely, 'Antony Latour.'

P. S.—The enclosed note will be doubtless sufficient for the preliminary expenses.

"Sufficient! Why," exclaimed Chapman, "it's for a hundred pounds!"

Mrs. Chapman, like many other ladies who don't know what else to do under various circumstances, commenced to weep.

"Here, Queen's Taxes!" shouted Chapman, "what are you in for?"

"Two pound eighteen-and-six!"

"Give us change then!" cried Chapman, throwing down the hundred pound note.

"Lor' bless you!" answered the Queen's Taxes, "I ain't got no change!"

"How dare you, sir," pomposuly demanded Chapman, —"how dare you enter a man's house with your abominable executions unprovided with simple change? I must go and borrow the money, I suppose!"

Chapman walked out of the "Black Doll," and stepped across to one of his favorite publics. The landlord looked askance at him. The story of his troubles was thoroughly well known.

"Will you oblige me, Mr. Butts, with the temporary loan of five pounds!"

"Haven't a pound in the house!" suspiciously replied the landlord.

"Merely till I get change for this hundred pound note, when I shall be enabled to settle your trifling account."

"I'll see if my missis has got any cash," obligingly promised the landlord. "We should be delighted to accommodate you, if possible."

The five pounds were soon produced.

"Thank ye!" exclaimed Chapman, returning to the "Black Doll."

Soon was that establishment freed from its unpleasant visitors. Mr. and Mrs. C. were alone once more.

"Oh, Mrs. C.!" cried the gentleman, "I've treated ye very bad!"

"Oh, Mr. C.!" ejaculated the lady, "my conduck has been brutal!"

"Give us a kiss, Mrs. C.!"

"You can take one if you want it, Chapman!"

Chapman gleefully availed himself of the invitation. At the return of prosperity, peace soon re-established itself between them; and in a few days all outstanding demands were settled, and, taking the old black doll with them, they started to take possession of their new establishment.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DOOM OF THE WICKED—THE INVALID—DYING—THE PHYSICIAN'S SUSPICIONS—EVIDENCE OF POISON—FLIGHT.

Marsden Grange again. The night of another day. Bernard was in the same room, and, as before, watched and attended by Lucy, aided by Latour. But the invalid was worse. His eyes shone with fever lustre; his pulse, at time feeble, at others became nervous and rapid. The unnatural heat and the icy chill succeeded each other by turns. He had abandoned his reproachful manner; but with teeth closed, apparently to allay pain, leaned back in his chair. The doctors who attended him prepared Lucy for the worst. Bernard was dying. The thought of his sad position, of which she dared not at the present inform him, changed the former feeling of aversion in Lucy to one of real sympathy. She anticipated his every want, she administered restoratives with her own hand. The night was black and threatening. The bleak wind swept through the branches of the trees with a kind of fitful melody. So steadily it blew that it stirred the curtains, flickered the lamp, and flung ghostly shadows on the tapestried wall. Every servant of the household moved with solemn footfall, for a kind of instinct pervaded them that death was entering the house. All seemed aware of the approach of the destroyer—all but the victim. But had Bernard really no suspicion of the coming of the end? Perhaps he had. Else why did the damp rise to his forehead, and why was he so continually listening for an arrival? An arrival from London, of whose coming no one knew. A suspicion—a vague, horrible suspicion, generated by a chance expression, had obtained a place in the mind of Hugh Bernard. The nature of that suspicion the reader has, doubtless, already surmised, and the truth of this he had resolved to test by sending in secret for the London surgeon, Bridgeman.

"Are you better?" asked Lucy; "are you easy?"

"Easy!" repeated Bernard; "easy, when the dreams of night and the thoughts of day are alike haunted by this ever increasing, racking pain. Oh, torture of tortures!" he groaned. "What can it mean?"

Lucy timidly approached him and re-arranged the wrappers, more from a desire to show her willingness to assist than from any real service which followed. For a few moments Bernard lay back, helpless and fainting.

"Air!" he whispered at last—"air!"

Lucy flung back the curtains and opened the window.

"More!" he screamed; "more! This heat devours me! More air, more air!"

Lucy struck the silver gong, and Latour, calm, collected, and determined, appeared at the threshold.

"Help me," said Lucy."

Coolly, impassively, Latour obeyed her directions and wheeled the chair of Bernard nearer the window.

"Thanks, Lucy," whispered Bernard: "I thank you."

The relief must have been indeed vast to have invoked even these few words of gratitude.

"Is he better?" softly inquired Latour.

"Alas!" replied Lucy; "I fear he is dying."

"Alas!—fear!" repeated Latour. "Such is her nature. Mine whispers joy and hope."

"Oh, for anything to dull this pain!"

"Shall I read to you?" asked Lucy, wrapping a shawl around to protect her from the chill of the sharp breeze.

"No!" sharply answered Bernard. "And yet," he added, "yes—read!"

Latour wheeled a small table by her side on which he placed a lamp. Afterwards Lucy rose and selected a book. It was "The Diary of a Physician." Out of a kind of dim hope that she might wake some dormant spark of repentant conscience, and fan it into flame, she chose the story which relates of the dying lost one. Bernard, by an impulsive vigor shutting out the sense of pain, listened attentively. When the music of her voice had ceased, he spoke.

"Death!" he cried. "Death is an awful thing!"

"To those who fear it—yes."

Bernard shuddered.

"You are chill," interrupted Lucy, misinterpreting the action.

"No, no," hurriedly answered Bernard; "only in my heart. I am burning, I tell you—burning!"

For some time there was a pause.

"I suppose, Lucy Marsden, if my torment ended in the grave, you would be [illegible]

"I have done all I could, Hugh Bernard," evasively replied Lucy, "to ward off the stroke."

Bernard, with the full force of his feverish eyes, gazed on her.

"Take the lamp," he said.

Lucy obeyed.

"Hold it up so that its light may shine upon your face."

Lucy still humored him.

"It's a fair face—very lovely—very!"

Once more a pause.

"Lucy," recommenced Bernard, "that secret of yours is safe. No hint of mine shall reveal it. The papers are here; destroy them—if—if I die!"

This touch of repentance affected Lucy.

"Put the lamp down; I would look at your innocent face no longer."

Lucy did so.

"On your soul, as before heaven," he suddenly demanded, "do you know the reason of these strange torments I suffer?"

"I only know," said Lucy, "what the physicians have informed me."

"Which is——" he asked.

"That you have led a life of dissipation, and that your nerves are shattered so that imagination——"

"Imagination!" roughly retorted Bernard. "Would imagination breed such racking pains? An agony that scorches the very springs of life—an——"

Bernard had fainted. Lucy, hastily seizing some cold water, dashed it in his face.

"Whither do you go?" he asked, reviving suddenly.

"For help—for the physician!"

"Stay where you are—stay! I heed not your provincial surgeons. I will wait—I will wait!"

"Till when?"

"Till the arrival of a physician from London. These fellows here, I tell you, know nothing of my malady. Strange it is, the burning departs and the iciness approaches. Oh! close the windows and heap the fire, Lucy, or I shiver to my grave."

Lucy became really alarmed. She quickly obeyed him and sounded the gong once more. Latour entered silently, promptly as before.

"The chair," whispered Lucy; "by the fire! Quick!"

Latour noticed the countenance of Bernard. A cry of delight rose for utterance in his throat. His enemy was failing fast. Mastering the impulse he wheeled the chair nearer the grate.

"Leave us!" whispered Bernard to Latour.

"My mistress?" doubtfully asked the creole.

"Send him away!" imperiously desired Bernard. "He moves as silently as a serpent! He irritates me to distraction!"

Latour made an expression of resentment. Lucy calmed him with an entreating look and he left once again.

"The fire!—the wrappers!"

Lucy understood. She placed more coal in the grate and roused it into flame. Then she covered the invalid with three wrappers.

"Better!" he whispered; "better!"

"May I ask, Hugh Bernard," inquired Lucy, "for what reason you wished to consult Mr. George Bridgeman?"

"Because he is the cleverest surgeon I know; and I have no confidence in your village practitioners. Besides, he was the first to attend the wound which is the primary cause of my disease."

"That was your only reason?"

"Can you surmise a second?" asked Bernard, sharply.

"I?—no!" answered Lucy.

Bernard gazed eagerly.

"She is too good!" he muttered; "too good!"

Bernard once more sank back in his chair. Through the trees screamed the wild wind of February, like a death-shriek haunting the air. The night was dark and moonless, light enough only to see the heavy clouds drifting rapidly over the firmament. Within, the scene was yet more terrible. Lucy watching and tending the dying man in the chair. Bernard appeared to have the utmost confidence in the goodness of Lucy. He took medicine only of her preparation; the cooling draughts were administered by her hand alone.

And yet he had been so cruelly her tormentor. But he knew her honest truth and trusted her. So, as the world grows older, does simple goodness exalt itself over clever knavery or deep-laid fraud! Lucy watched him. Watched the head sink back, the eyes glaze, and the momentary gasp of pain. There could no longer be a doubt. The hand of Death was on him. Lucy Marsden rose in terror, and struck the silver gong. Not once slightly, but loudly thrice and more. Latour, by intuition, recognised [illegible]

sent for. They shook their heads and each said that recovery was impossible. It could hardly be distinguished whether Bernard breathed or not. His appearance as he lay back motionless in the chair—his pallid face—his glazing eyes—was terrible.

"A priest," cried one, "is needed, not a physician."

Bernard lay there motionless. Suddenly the sound of wheels. But sound so dim and afar off that, 'midst the yell of the screaming wind, none heard it. None but Bernard. It struck on his ear as a summons to new life. It called him as from the dead. The tightening lips parted—the fixing eyes moved—the chest heaved—the tongue spoke

"Wine!" it murmured; "wine!"

"'Twas forbidden!" muttered Lucy, as in a dream.

"I *will* have it!" retorted Bernard. "I have a purpose to fulfill, which requires strength for its execution. Wine, I *will* have!—I must."

Lucy filled a glass and handed it to the invalid. He drank it to the dregs.

"Another!" he demanded in low, firm tones; "another!"

Lucy hesitatingly looked at the medical men. They at once assented. Of what avail was human precaution when the victim was already in the icy clutch of Death? Louder and louder the wheels on the gravel. The very galloping of the horses could be distinctly heard.

"I must live!" cried Bernard; "and I will! Only to see Bridgeman. More wine—more wine!"

Lucy, whose eyes receded in their tears at the mere horror of the scene, filled up the glass once more.

"While I can yet speak," said Bernard, "do you listen!"

A profound silence followed this injunction. Louder, still louder the wheels upon the gravel, penetrating the rush of the winter wind through the leafless trees.

"When Bridgeman comes—and he will come soon, and I shall live to see him—I must be alone with him. Do you hear?—alone!"

"Hugh Bernard," said Lucy, "it shall be as you wish!"

"Not a soul," hoarsely whispered Bernard, "within sight or earshot!"

Lucy bowed.

"Is there anything——" she was about to ask.

"Hush!" he replied; "speak no word. Strength is failing fast—all that is reserved must remain for that one interview. That interview completed, I am content to die!"

So they paused. Nearer and nearer approached the carriage, drawn by the flying horses—louder and louder the coming sound. A narrow observer might have noticed how, shade by shade, the countenance of Bernard lightened at the gradually loudening sound of the carriage. But to the ear of expectation minutes swell to the magnitude of hours. Yet has the longest time its limit; and at last the post-chaise, which had rapidly borne the young and talented surgeon from the station, stopped at the door of the Grange. Latour stole from the room, and admitted the surgeon. However hurried, the professional faculties of Bridgeman were ever calm and clear. Condensed by Latour in a few words, he rapidly understood the truth. Lifting a small traveling medicine chest from the chaise, he followed the creole to the room where Bernard was lying prostrate in the broad, easy chair. Immediately on his appearance, those present remembered the injunction of the dying man, and left him alone with the surgeon of his choice. The eye of Bridgeman was keen and searching. It included in its range not merely the special symptoms of the patient, but the nature of his social surroundings. So in his endeavours to understand the nature of the malady under which Bernard labored and threatened to succumb, he considered the antecedents of his life. The wine he had taken had given the patient a temporary strength. Bridgeman then microscopically, almost, examined the wound.

"Has any one," asked Bridgeman, "an interest in your death?"

The slight but terrible suspicion in the breast of Bernard received a new life from the inquiry. In horror, he rose in his seat; but, overtaken by weakness, soon helplessly sank back again.

"Calm yourself," said Bridgeman, opening his medicine chest, and administering a restorative far more efficacious than wine. "I ask you, has any person an interest in your death? Answer in one word only, else your strength may too soon fail."

"*Yes!*"

"Where is the medicine you have been taking—the lotion with which your wound has been bathed?"

Bernard, shivering with terror, pointed to them. Bridgeman drew a chair to the table, sat down, placed the lotion and the medicine before him, and so arranged the shaded lamp that its light was exclusively thrown on the approaching experiment. He selected from his travelling case a small bottle and a piece of litmus paper. Life seemed arrested on the frame of the dying Bernard, as he watched the surgeon. Test after test, Bridgeman applied. Test after test failed.

"Hush!" he said rising. "Hush!"

Then delicately he touched the gong. Lucy, wearied and worn with anxiety, softly opened the door.

"Bring me," said Bridgeman, "a fresh supply of the lotion—quick!"

Lucy, whispered to Latour, who speedily brought it.

Bridgeman tested it. Useless.

"Where," inquired the surgeon, "does the nearest magistrate reside?"

Lucy was bewildered at the nature of the question.

"A mile from this, and more," she answered.

"Send a man on horseback for him at once."

Lucy questioned no further. She obeyed. Bridgeman was once more alone with Bernard.

"Sir," said the surgeon, "I have heard your symptoms, and have studied your case."

Bernard bowed.

"And I confess those symptoms seem to me wholly irreconcilable with natural disease."

Bernard leaned forward, and clutched the hands of Bridgman.

"I have tested your medicine, your food, and your lotion; and though there is nothing I can find to confirm my suspicion, yet it by no means destroys it."

"Th-t suspicion?"

"Is, Mr. Bernard, that day by day, month by month, by minute doses of varying character, you have been saturated with poison."

"Poison?"

Wonderous is the power of will over despairing faculties. Bernard started up pale and haggard; discarded his wrappers, and stood erect. Once more his muscles recovered their former tension—his eyes their strong glare—his voice its sarcastic tone. Firmly, as of old, he strode across the room. With elastic wrist he sounded the silver gong. Lucy entered.

"Summon the household—the servants—all!"

Lucy was departing for the purpose.

"Not you!" he cried. "I mustn't lose sight of you!"

Lucy was bewildered.

"Speak, madam!" cried Bernard.

Lucy, obeying a fantastic impulse, was about again to leave the room.

"Stay," cried Bernard, seizing her by the wrist—"stay, and speak from here!"

Lucy, recalling herself, obeyed. Speedily the room was filled. Bernard's strength began to fail. He beckoned to Bridgeman, who supported him to a seat. For a few moments Bernard was silent. He then poured out glass after glass of wine. For yet a brief while longer his fleeting strength returned.

"Lucy Marsden," he said, at length, "stand there—there, in the very centre, and answer truly the questions I propose."

Lucy bowed her head

"For how long have you known me?"

"Too long," she cried, clasping her hands convulsively "far too long!"

Bridgeman took down her reply in writing.

"Have you reason, Lucy Marsden, to love or fear me?"

"I have no reason to love you," answered Lucy.

"Twould have been better for you had I never crossed your path?"

"I should have escaped much," replied Lucy, "and been happier, doubtless."

Every word, as she uttered it, Bridgeman carefully took down.

"And my death will free you from a power which I have hitherto exercised over you?"

"What in the object of [illegible]

"As I should have been happier had I never seen you, so I cannot be hypocrite enough to declare that I should mourn your decease."

"Since I have been ill you have been my only nurse."

Lucy bowed her head.

"My medicines, my food, have been taken from your hands alone?"

"It is so," responded Lucy, growing alarmed.

"Listen you, then, and listen all! The agony which has been by day a torment, and which in groans has woke the echoes of the night, was occasioned by—Can you guess, Lucy Marsden?"

Latour moved behind the crowd towards the window.

"Can you guess, Lucy Marsden?" inquired Bernard.

Lucy flushed.

"Guilt mantles in your face. Death was in every cup you proffered, in every morsel which you gave! I die by poison! Hugh Bernard has been murdered, and the name of his murderess is Lucy Marsden!"

"Come!" whispered Latour, instantly seizing her by the wrist, and dragging her towards the window, as Bernard fell back—"come! Flight—towards the Cheviots—flight!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

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Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
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ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

W. H. P., Nashville.—"At cribbage, A deals, B plays a four, C a five, D a six, A a seven, B a five, C cries 'go,' and D plays a four, and takes two for 'thirty-one' and three for a sequence. A and C dispute a run of three. How is it?".....There was no run of three, but there was of four, as you will see by placing the cards in the order played, thus: 4, 5, 6, 7, 5, 4. Without the six there was no sequence for D, but with it, there was a sequence of four, as above stated, and D was entitled to six holes instead of five.

"TRENT," Brooklyn.—To a certain extent you are correct, but you might have carried your strictures a little further, even to England; for we have repeatedly noticed poetry, novelettes, sketches, etc.—written for American papers by American authors—copied into English journals without a word of credit. You must certainly acknowledge that the American papers gave all due credit to the London *Times* for the celebrated "Arrowsmith" story; and we have never sought to rob our transatlantic friends of the authorship of the "Tallahasse" sea tales.

H. W. B., East Boston, Mass.—1. Miss Gray, that used to perform with Marston and Fletcher's dramatic company in the New England States in 1863, has been in the West the past season, and is there at present. 2. Clara Fisher was considered in her day one of the best actresses on the stage. 3. The gentleman you mention is what is called "easy." He owns a farm in Kentucky, and performs when in the vein. He has no other business except farming, which he does for pleasure.

JOHN MAC, Buffalo.—"In playing forty-five, A is 35, and B 25. B leads the Jack which A takes with the five of trumps, and calls game. B could have taken the next four tricks and made game. What counts first?".....A was not out, even if five were allowed for the best trump (which is not stated in the question) as the points for best trump are not taken till after all the points are taken for tricks; consequently if B had made the four tricks he would have been entitled to game.

MUSCLE, St. Charles, Mo.—"1. What is the best exercise to develop the muscles of the legs of a person of sedentary habits? 2. Is rolling ten pins good for that purpose? 3. What sized dumb bells are best to develop the muscles of the arm?" 1. Rowing, running and horse exercise. 2. Yes, although its effects are more felt in developing the muscles of the arms. 3. Commence with 6 lbs. and gradually increase the size.

F. W., New Orleans.—1. The New Stadt Theatre in the Bowery will seat more people than any other place of amusement in this city. 2. The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, covers more ground than any other place of amusement. 3. John C. Heenan has been married twice. His last wife, Miss Sara Stevens, the actress, he is at present living with in London.

VIATOR, Paterson, N. J.—1. Oxenberry's Chronology of the English stage, like every other history of the stage that has been published, contains many errors. 2. Shakespeare was born April 23d, 1564, and died April 23d, 1616. 3. Oxenberry's account of Shakespeare is not a correct one. 4. Joe Cowell was born in Kent, Eng., Aug. 7th, 1792.

J. C. F., Baltimore.—1. Mr. Jas. E. Murdoch intends returning to the stage next season, and will no doubt play an engagement at the Holliday. 2. Mr. Macready is still living in England. 3. We are not informed as to the gentleman's spiritual convictions. 4. It is a matter of opinion altogether as to which of the two is the better tragedian.

SHADES.—1. We cannot undertake to say who was the best man who ever held the Champion's Belt in England. Some assert that Jackson was; some Tom Cribb; others Jem Ward, while Sayers and Mace have their advocates. 2. The same reasons prevent us expressing any opinion as to which was the most scientific fight known for the belt.

NEW YORKER.—We have not space to give you a full explanation of the game of "sixty-six" and its rules. You will find a description of it in the "American Hoyle" just published by Dick & Fitzgerald. You can also witness it played at most lager bier saloons.

YOUNG SPORT.—1. Morrissey was born in 1831, in Ireland. 2. Heenan was born at West Troy in 1835. 3. They fought Oct 20, 1858, 11 rounds, 21 minutes. 4. Sullivan and Morrissey fought Oct 12, 1853, 37 rounds. Sullivan was 41 years old at the time he fought Morrissey; he died in 1856.

THESPIAN, Portsmouth, Va.—1. Leotard, the gymnast, is at present performing in Paris. 2. The price of Flatiana was formerly $1; it will now cost you at the present rate of exchange about $3.25. 3. Fowler and Wells published a small book on gymnastics.

JACQUES.—It was not Mr. Booth's intention to play any new piece during his present engagement at the Winter Garden. "Richelieu" was in active preparation, but the great success of "Hamlet" caused it to be shelved.

FARO.—A opens a snap of faro with a $20 bank, B bets $25 and gets split. How much is A entitled to take?".....$10. B could only win $20, as he knew the bank's limit, and had no right to bet more. He consequently can only lose half of that amount.

HONEY DEW.—1. Warden is in England with a minstrel party. 2. He will not start a troupe in *this* city, but will shortly start one to travel. 3. Dave Wambold purposes returning from California this month. 4. Frank B. Converse.

P. A. E.—Poker and Bluff are the same. The answer we gave is strictly correct; neither a straight flush nor any other hand is equal to four aces. The only two sure winning hands in Bluff are four aces, or four kings and one ace.

CRIBBAGE, Point Lookout, Md.—"A, B, C, and D are playing cribbage. A plays a six, B a four, C a four, and D a five. Does D count a sequence?".....No. The two fours coming together spoil the sequence.

C. A. D., Cincinnati.—Without permission from the writer, we cannot divulge the real name; if you wish to send a note to the party you can do so in our care.

JONES.—Your friend loses, as Mr. F. S. Chanfrau *has* been in New York within ten days of Feb. 23d. He was here on Wednesday, Feb. 22d, and left the next day for the South.

F. W. L., Andover, Mass.—The CLIPPER containing the biography of Maggie Mitchell is out of print. Can send you copies containing Edwin Booth's biography for ten cents a copy.

IAS. K., White-hall.—Should be pleased to hear from you when convenient to yourself, and will make use of items when space permits.

READER.—1. Sullivan and McClusky never fought; it was Hyer and McCluskywho fought at Caldwell's Landing. 2. Sullivan and Bell fought at Hart's Island, Aug. 29, 1842.

J. W. H.—Inform me who the two generals were who were sent to the Crimean war with Geo. B. McClellan?".....Maj. Demfield, Maj. Mordecai, and Capt. McClellan.

BILLIARDS, N. Y.—Your cue ball having struck a red ball, and not the white ball before going into the pocket, the forfeiture is three points.

C. M., Oswego, N. Y.—We have looked over our issue of Feb. 11, but have been unable to discover any such answer. The answer given in the CLIPPER of the 18th is correct.

L. W. P., Knowlesville.—J. C. Heenan was married to an actress named Sara Stevens. They are living together at present in England.

W. G. O., Columbus.—"The American Hoyle," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, contains the information you require.

C. S. B., Fulton, N. Y.—J. B. Ashford, 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, can supply you. We don't know where Cooper is at present; "White Hackle" is a different man altogether.

S. M. G.—Some of our advertisers will give you the information; we do not deal in anything of the kind, our time being too much occupied on our paper.

READER, Boston.—D. A. loses, as Jack Turner fought Dwyer, at California, in Jersey, since he left Boston.

MOSE, Troy.—1. English Jew. 2. Bounty Broker. 3. You will see them referred to in last week's CLIPPER.

J. T., Lancaster, O.—Always acceptable; your last came one day too late for our issue of the 25th.

SCRIBBLER, Duval's Bluff.—We have no properly authenticated information by which to answer your question.

ED. McD., Nashville.—She is past 32 years of age.

LITTLE MAC, Mt. Airy.—No. 22 of Vol. XI is out of print.

S. A. W.—If the roaring is fully developed, all the powers of the Veterinary College cannot effect a cure. The disease is an affection of the top of the windpipe and may arise from three causes: a thickening of the mucous membrane, a distortion of the cartilages of the larynx or a paralytic condition of the muscles moving the larynx. Unless it be known from which cause it arises, a cure cannot be predicated.

CONSTANT READER, Chico, Cal.—"There have been some disputes in this town as to the reported relationship existing between Gen. Grant, of the Federal army, and Gen. Pemberton, of the so-called Confederate States army. Your version of the matter will put at rest the conflicting opinions entertained upon the subject".....There is none whatever.

SHOOTING STICK, Norfolk.—We have regularly noticed all the stars mentioned in your retrospect of the season, as you may see by referring to our files, and it would be a waste of space to go over the subject again; our correspondent keeps us well advised of affairs at the Opera House.

W. H. B., Paterson, N. J.—1. Yankee Locke is considered the best Yankee comedian at present on the stage. 2. Earl H. Pierce was on the tamborine end, and George Christy, bones, with E. P. Christy's original party. 3. Dan Emmett is still living, and with Bryant's Minstrels.

SUBSCRIBER.—John Foster, the clown, has been in the sawdust business nineteen years. He is 34 years of age. Dan Rice first brought him out as clown, but he was in the business ten years before he was with Rice. He is an American by birth.

CONSTANT READER, Newport News, Va.—Four fives in hand, with a tenth card turned up, count 28 points at cribbage; but if a Jack or Knave and three fives are held, and a five turned up of the same suit as the Jack in hand, then 29 points may be taken.

OLD SPORT.—*Bell's Life* is filed at many of the English chop houses in this city, such as the House of Lords in Houston, and De Soto in Bleecker streets. We cannot say where you can see a Ruff's Guide for last year.

SPIKES.—The New York Cricket Club has its grounds at New Bedford, L. I., some three or four miles from Fulton Ferry, and the St. George Club at Hoboken, about a mile from the ferry.

JACK.—Such a *contretemps* is unfortunate, but is nevertheless a foul shot, and your opponent is entitled to the next turn at the cue.

EDGAR BARLETT.—Will look the article over again, but your views do not hold good as regards the profession at the present day; many of its members move in the best society.

T. H., Philadelphia.—Voting has nothing to do with it; numbers of young men are taken who have never voted. Unless your brother is physically disabled, we do not see how he can get off.

W. A. A.—You were not alone in that belief; it was the impression of several that Mr. F. had appeared that number of nights. The "original package" will be duly tested. Thank you.

COLORADO.—"Did Ethan Allen ever trot a mile (double or single) on the Fashion Course in 2:19¾?".....Yes, with the running horse Socks.

IRON CLAD, Onondago.—"What is the quicket trotting time ever made by a horse or mare and the name?".....2:19¾ by Flora Temple.

BRADY.—Flora Temple's famous time on the Kalamazoo track was 2:19¾.

PETROLEUM, Lancaster, O.—Communicate with Messrs. Wilmer & Rogers, No. 47 Nassau street, this city.

FERDIA AND DOCKEY, Louisville.—1. Mr. Roberts is not an actor. 2. Miss Kimberly will shortly re-appear on the stage.

STRANGER.—We cannot publish the information sought, but will give it you on applying at the office any time.

WM. C. ADAIR.—We never answer such questions as yours.

J. A. L.—Will read it, and if of general interest give it a place.

F. T.—The lady is married; her age is about 26 or 27.

J. S., Chicago.—The Dutchman's best trotting time was three miles in 7:32½.

G. H. P., Canton.—His proper name is John Gallin; further than this we know nothing about him.

W. A. J., Roxbury.—The American Navy is larger than the English Navy.

W. H. B, Paterson, N. J.—Josh Silsbee was a very clever Yankee comedian.

JOHN A. O. FARRELL, Boise City.—Fredricks, photographers 587 Broadway, can furnish you with the pictures.

J. SHAW, St. John, N. B.—B had no right to go alone; that privilege rested with the player who made the trump.

JEREMIUS, Rochester.—We believe there is such a firm.

THE MASTER SPIRIT.

WHILE the victories of Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Terry, Porter and others are crowding one upon the other, it is no uncommon thing to hear remarks made in favor of those officers at the expense of Gen. Grant, because the latter is seemingly inactive. Let us remind those who would thus seek to lessen the honor which belongs to Gen. Grant, that it was solely owing to the foresight and penetration of Gen. Grant that Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas were appointed to the position they now hold, and which positions enabled them, under the combinations of Gen. Grant, to achieve the splendid victories which have attended their campaigns. Grant's is the master mind that forms these grand combinations, and the officers who carry out his instructions so skilfully are the men selected by him for that purpose. While not wishing to detract from the glory attached to the names of Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and others, we must award the greatest meed of praise to Gen. Grant, who, while holding Lee in check, directs all those movements which have resulted so triumphantly for the defenders of the Union. Grant is the Keystone of that great military arch which is destined to give greater strength than ever to a restored Union.

AID FOR SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

IF IT were put to vote among our brave soldier boys, whether they would prefer that the health and comfort of their children or their own necessities should be first attended to, we think the almost unanimous response would be, never mind us, but look well to our little ones; and to do this is not a charity but a *duty* that not one at home should neglect. The duty recognized, the how to do it is simple, viz., by doing your utmost in aid of the "Patriot Orphan Home." The object of the Institution is to provide a home, the advantages of education, and the means of an honorable support, for the sons and daughters of our volunteers who may be left destitute and homeless by the death of their fathers and guardians, or who shall be deprived of parental care and maintenance from wounds or diseases incident to our country's service.

As this appeal will, we hope and believe, be responded to by many CLIPPER readers, we append the following lines of

INFORMATION FOR ALL.

1. Boxes, parcels, and all miscellaneous contributions, address "Patriot Orphan Home," Flushing, Long Island.

2. Miscellaneous donations from our friends in the city may be left, if more convenient, at the "Receiving Office," Patriot Orphan Home, 14 Bible House, Astor Place.

3. Remittances in money, address Mrs. Wm. J. Haddock, Treasurer, 14 Bible House, Astor Place.

4. All communications relating to the operations of the Society, letters for information, and the like, may be addressed to either of the Corresponding Secretaries—Mrs. Edward Fitch, 14 Bible House, Astor Place; Mrs. George Huntsman, Flushing, Long Island.

Those preferring to send money through the medium of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, can do so by addressing to our office, care of WM. H. BRAY, who will promptly acknowledge the same through the same medium.

SPRING.—As we write, Old Sol shines out brilliantly, and his genial rays have materially modified the eager and nipping air so long presided over by Old Jack Frost. The ice is fast melting away, and where, recently, skaters cut up their fancy kadidoes, and love-sick swains courted their sweet dulcineas by moonlight alone on the "dangerous transparency," is now a flood, and more suggestive of boating than skating. This reminds us that the sound of preparation may already be heard with our various boat-clubs in and near aquatic centres, and fast shells, cutters and gigs are now more talked of than fast skates. The Windsor (C. W.) Boat Club, organized this winter, is having new boats built, and all its members are enthusiastic for an early opening of the boating season. By a copy of their rules and by-laws before us, we judge that the Windsor Club will be a permanent institution.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW WORK.—Everything coming from the pen of Mrs. Wood bears a charm about it which few other works possess. Her last book, or that which is announced as the last she has written, has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It bears the title of "Lord Oakburn's Daughters," and is fully equal in interest to any of Mrs. Wood's previous works. The admirers of this lady's writings should possess themselves of and enjoy "Lord Oakburn's Daughters." The price in paper is $1 50.

EDWARD CLARK, of the 47th Pa. Vols., is anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of his mother and sister, whom he has not seen or heard from since he was eight or nine years of age. His mother's name is Chatner Clark, and his sister's name Anne; his father is said to have died in Utica, N. Y., where he lived before the son went away. Any information concerning his mother and sister will be thankfully received by Edward Clark, 47th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, camp near Charlestown, Virginia, or, if sent to the CLIPPER office, will be forwarded to him by us.

"THE FORSAKEN DAUGHTER," a companion to "Linda," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, is among the latest issues from the extensive publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is complete in one large volume, and sold in paper covers at $1 50.

"LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A DETECTIVE," edited by Dr. John B. Williams, has just been issued by Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city. Price 75 cents.

CRICKET.—The New York Club are to occupy the Willow Cricket Grounds at Bedford, in conjunction with the Willow Club only, and the Long Island Club will lay out a wicket on the Capitoline Grounds.

SENTENCE OF FRIERY.

He is to be Executed on Friday, March 31st.

IT having been announced that Bernard Friery, who was convicted of the murder of Harry Lazarus, would be sentenced on Tuesday morning, Feb. 21st, the Court of General Sessions was thronged at an early hour by persons anxious to witness the almost closing scene of this terrible tragedy. Although there was a great crowd, Captain O'Donnell and his assistants maintained the most perfect order. Shortly after eleven o'clock Recorder Hoffman and District Attorney Hall and his assistants, Messrs Hutchings and Bedford, came into court.

Mr. Hall then rose and said:—It becomes my painful duty to move your Honor for the judgment of the law upon the conviction in the case of the People vs. Bernard Friery, convicted on the 17th of February of murder in the first degree.

The Recorder—Put the prisoner at the bar.

The prisoner, who was seated beside his counsel, Messrs. Sedgwick and Stuart, then rose and stood at the bar.

Mr. Henry Vandervoort, the Clerk of the court, said:—Bernard Friery, you may remember that you have heretofore been indicted for a certain murder and felony by you done and committed. Upon that indictment you were arraigned, and upon your arraignment pleaded not guilty, and put yourself upon the country for trial, which country has found you guilty. What have you now to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against you according to law?

Friery spoke as follows:—I went into Lazarus' place. I had no intention of harming him. I drank for three or four days, and did not know what I was doing. I was always the best of friends with him, and never had any falling out with him.

When the unfortunate man had finished his remarks Recorder Hoffman addressed him in the following words:—

THE RECORDER'S ADDRESS TO FRIERY.

Bernard Friery, on the morning of the 3d day of January, 1865, in the presence of several witnesses, you stepped up to Henry Lazarus, said he was "a good little man," and plunged your dagger in his neck. The blade of it was about seven inches long; you drew it from the wound, wiped the blood from it with your fingers, remarked that "Harry was a good little man, but you guessed you had fixed him," and left the room. As you went out in the open air, Henry Lazarus passed into the immediate presence of his God. He had done you no harm. It was a reckless, wanton murder. It showed an utter disregard of human life, and was without the slightest justification. The only plea that could be interposed in your behalf was that you was mad drunk when you struck the blow. Your counsel did all for you that could be done, but it was in vain for them to struggle against the terrible facts, which were proven beyond the possibility of contradiction. The jury promptly rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and that verdict consigns you to death upon the gallows. There is a class of men in this city, of whom you may be considered a representative, who have no respect for the laws of God or man. They violate both, in the belief that they can do so with impunity, and it is only when the heavy hand of punishment falls upon them that they realize their accountability to either. It is well for society that there are occasions when such men can be made to feel that the penalties of violated law are certain and severe. The thousands who have watched your trial, in the belief that you would escape punishment through some technicalities of the law, will be taught a lesson when you stand upon the scaffold which they will not soon forget. Your conviction and death will teach them that in law drunkenness is no excuse for crime, and that courts and jurors have made up their minds that those who carry and use pistols and daggers, and other instruments of death, will be held to the strictest accountability. A few years ago men would shudder when they heard it said, "that man carries a pistol," or "that man carries a dirk," and the wearer of concealed weapons was avoided as a felon, or as an outlaw would be. To-day thousands of men walk the streets of this city armed with revolvers or with knives, perhaps with both. Such men are doubtless sitting in this court room to-day. If they are not here my words will reach them when I say that henceforth jurors will assume, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that the man who carries a deadly weapon concealed about his person, does it for and on purpose of offence, and not of defence—for mischief and not for good. I have no desire, Friery, on this occasion, to say an unnecessary word. But through you and through this opportunity I must speak a word of warning to the thousands of young men in this metropolis who are traveling the same road through which you have traveled. It is that road which leads to death in the prison or on the gallows. Let them remember your fate and shun it. You have violated law, and in your conviction the law is vindicated. You had a fair trial before a carefully selected jury. Their verdict was guilty, and the punishment is death. In the progress of your case through the appellate courts that punishment may be for a time averted; but, rest assured, it must come at last. You cannot escape it, and it is your duty to prepare for it. Listen, now, to the judgment of the court, which is:—That you, Bernard Friery, for the murder and felony whereof you stand convicted, be taken hence to the place from whence you came, there to be safely kept and detained, and that on Friday, the 31st day of March, 1865, between the hours of twelve o'clock, noon, and two o'clock in the afternoon, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul.

Friery, to the casual observer, did not appear to exhibit any emotion while the Recorder was passing the terrible sentence upon him. The Clerk then read the order to the Sheriff, Mr. John Kelly, who was in attendance, directing him to take charge of the prisoner and to carry out the sentence of the court.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ALFRED BURNETT.

THIS popular humorist and eccentric lecturer, so long and favorably known throughout the entire West, was born in Utica, N. Y., and is not yet forty years of age. He was first taught to "shoot his young ideas" at the old Utica Academy, his parents at that time (1836) residing at Cincinnati. In his earliest youth, he was quite noted as a declaimer. In 1845, in conjunction with Prof. De Bourneville, he traveled throughout the West, giving "The Mariner," which attracted the attention of the *literati*. His first appearance on the stage was for the benefit of Mrs. Harry Chapman, in 1847, at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on which occasion he played Hamlet, and it was pronounced by the press as the finest first appearance made in the West for many years. Shortly after this, Col. Wood engaged Mr. B. to play Edward Middleton, in the "Drunkard," and so great was his success in this character that he played it thirty-one consecutive nights. Perhaps one great reason for Mr. Burnett's adopting the stage for a profession was a remark made by Edwin Forrest. Mr. B had been invited to meet Mr. Forrest at the residence of a friend, and while there Mr. B. gave several readings, upon which Mr. F. made the remark that "Mr. B. had but to step upon the stage to reach fortune and renown." Acting upon this hint, Mr. B. at once took to the stage. In 1851 he visited England as correspondent for the Cincinnati *Daily Globe* and *Nonpariel*. He remained there six months and then returned to his native heath. After a brilliant tour through the States he revisited England in 1853, professionally, and brought home a few dollars and a good reputation as a poetic reader. In his readings and recitations he soon discovered that it was imperative, to insure a pleasant entertainment, that humor should be largely mingled with pathos, hence he introduced a series of droll and comical pieces, and he was really astonished to find that comedy was his *forte*, his control over the features being wonderful. In 1859, at St. Louis, he brought out several protean farces, in which he personated all the characters, old men, young women, Dutch, French, Irish, Scotch, and the live Yankee. For several years Mr. B. was connected with journals in the West, either as editor or reporter, and his last connection with the press was as war correspondent of the Daily *Commercial*, Cincinnati. His letters were read with great avidity, and were replete with wit, humor, and interesting anecdote. For ten years Mr. B. has been continually before the public, and has kept his eye steadily upon the one object—that of furnishing an entertainment of the most refined, and at the same time, most humorous character. His poetic effusions have won for him more than ordinary praise, and he bids fair to become one of the most popular of song writers. Quite a number of his productions have lived through ten and twelve editions.

Mr. B. wrote, for Caroline Richings, one of the most popular songs of the day:

Thine eyes, like the stars that are gleaming,
Have entered the depths of my soul,
And my heart has grown wild with its dreaming,
And the feelings I cannot control.

In vain do I try to dissemble,
And vow that I'll love thee no more—
A touch of thy hand makes me tremble,
And recalls all my sorrows of yore.

Oh! why once again have I met thee?
And why is this sorrow now mine?
Still! still do I strive to forget thee,
But my soul is enslaved unto thine.

Still! still! do I love—do I fear thee,
Would keep thee—yet beg thee to go—
'Tis death to be parted, but near thee
'Tis woe, irrelievable woe.

Mr. B. is also the author of the songs entitled "Gentle Nell," "Gentle Warning," "Death of Little Daisy," "Mary Vale," "Dear Mother, was it Right?" a popular comic ballad—the music by Strakosch, and sung by Mad. Strakosch. We merely mention the above to show his versatility. Nor is this all; one of the most peculiar traits of his character is his imitatory powers. Only a few months ago he listened four or five hours to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and immediately conceived the idea of reproducing Beecher and his sermon. His first attempt at this was at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, which he filled to overflowing, notwithstanding it was a rainy night. He has since then given this sermon in several places and always with success. Mr. B. is a writer of humor and pathos, as well as an actor of versatility. He has spent over two years in the army, and has written a book of over three hundred pages entitled "Incidents of the War," which has had an extensive sale. Within the past month he has lectured before several of the most prominent literary societies of the West. In Wheeling, Va., on February 20th and 21st, before the Library Association—hundreds were unable to obtain admission; and before the Tennyson Club, at Pittsburgh, a week later, he was greeted with overflowing houses, and the press, everywhere he goes, teems with praises of his humorous and instructive powers. As a mimic and ventriloquist he stands preeminent, and his entertainment is so varied with pathos, wit, and humor, that an evening's amusement of wonderful variety is afforded. We have always found him "a fellow of infinite jest," and one who, "though troubles assailed," always looked upon the bright side of life, leaving its reverse to those who could not behold the silver lining to the darkening clouds of their moral horizon. Mr. B. has concluded to give New York a trial, and has taken Dodworth Hall, making his first appearance there on Feb. 27th, and that he will be successful is our earnest wish.

A GRAND SKATING TOURNAMENT occurred at Toronto, C. W., on the 18th ult., on the Victoria Rink, when and where two prizes, consisting of two pairs of handsome skates donated by Mr. McMillan, of New York City, were contended for. The ladies' prize was awarded to Miss Worts, and the gentlemen's to Mr. Perkins. John Heward, the well known cricketer and chess player, and A. McNab acted as judges, and Jas. H. Doyle made the presentation speeches. Mr. McMillan, who is, we believe, a professional skater, as well as the inventor of the McMillan skates, was to depart thence for Chicago. We cannot curb our propensity for joking, even if there is a lady in the question, and feel impelled to add that skates on the feet are good for Worts. Evidently a novel remedy.

PUBLISTIC.—A letter for Jem Mace lies at our office.—*London Sporting Life.*

Is it the *only* thing that lies at your office for Jem Mace?

SKATING.

The skating season of 1865 began in December and closed in February, there being more days skating during that period than has been known for twenty years past.

On the 25th Feb. there was skating to be had on the Capitoline Pond, Brooklyn, that locality being about the first to have skating in December.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: "We are having a short but brilliant skating season, in which Young America, as usual, carries off the palm. On the imperial skating pond—that is to say, the pond on which the Imperial family and their friends skate, and on which are invited the best skaters from other ponds—Miss D. Lowe, of Massachusetts, has been the lioness, and Mr. Marshall, bank-note engraver, from New York, the lion. Miss Lowe cuts her name with facility on the ice, which is a great feat for a lady in this country; and while she and Mr. Marshall perform their wonders, the Imperial party form a circle and look on in admiration. Mr. Cammac, Mr. Rose, Mrs. Ryer, and many other American gentlemen and ladies, have "gone up head" for superior skating, and have been admitted into the ranks of the select on the reserved lake. Mrs. Ronalds, of New York, who is now here, and whose skating attracted so much attention two winters ago, on the ponds of the Bois de Boulogne, has not yet made her appearance on the scene of her former triumphs. The skating costumes this winter are very brilliant.

BRITISH SPORTING NEWS IN BRIEF.

FROM the foreign exchanges of Feb. 11th, we compile the following sporting items, limited space preventing us from giving particulars in full.....A FIGHT between Ben Bendoff and Smith, the Brighton Doctor, was to have come come off on Feb. 9th for £50, but they could not agree on a referee, and hostilities were suspended.....Mills and Mather, two game bantam boxers, fought near Liverpool for £10 a side, on Feb. 7th, when Mills got more milling than he could stand, and the sponge was thrown up in his behalf, after fighting 36 rounds in 1 hour 35 min .... Young Ruff laid it on so rough on Brick Lad in a little mill for £5 a side on Feb. 8th, that the former could not stand against the malleting he received longer than 40 min., in which time 24 rounds were fought..... A game battle between Jack Beebee and Tom Whitehouse for £24, near Walsall, on Feb. 7th, resulted in a stand off for the time being, owing to the interference of the M. P.'s.....Two noted pugilists of the north of England, E. Laws and R. Ditchburn, fought for £20 near Newcastle, on Feb. 4th, when Laws got enough of Ditchburn's digitorial practice in an hour, 25 rounds in all having been fought. Laws favored fighting before they commenced, but was transformed into a blue law against it at the finish.....Jem Coyne skedaddled for America recently, says Dan Roberts, in a card in the *Illustrated S. N.*, thereby forfeiting sundry £'s posted by Roberts in his behalf to fight Holmes *alias* Rough. We judge by this that the "absquatulator" is a counterfeit coin, and therefore will not pass among U. S.....A billiard match for £5 a side, 200 points up, was played at Macclesfield, on Feb. 7th, between T. Martin and J. Moreton. Martin won by 24 points....."A Monster Billiard Handicap," as it is grandiloquently termed, was commenced on Feb. 10th at the Dr. Johnson Tavern. The proprietor also advertised that chops, steaks, kidneys, baked potatoes, wines, spirits, malt liquors and cigars may be had. What a mixture! But there's no accounting for taste.....A Guinea Billiard Handicap was announced to commence on Feb. 13th, in which most of England's best players were to contend .....In a Sculler's Race for £100 on Feb. 7th, P. McMahon defeated Tom King, the ex-champion pugilist, and late opponent of John C. Heenan in the P. R., by six boats' lengths in 12 min. 12 secs., the course being from Putney to Hammersmith, distance, 1 mile 6 furlongs....."America" corrects a Mr. Pierrette in the *Sporting Life*, that individual having stated that George M. Patchen had beaten Flora Temple in 1 min. 18 secs.....The Dead Boxer, George Henley, who expired on Feb. 4th in Guy's Hospital, leaves, we are sorry to learn, a widow in great distress. He was 25 years of age, and had fought, among others, Joe Nolan and Lynch of Hammersmith..... In a Football Match, played on Feb. 4th, Blackheath captured Richmond.....Flora Temple, an English trotting horse, won two four mile races, defeating "Tommy" on Feb. 6th, and Johnny on the 8th. It seems to us that there must be something in a name.....TOM KING, he of pugilistic renown, appeared in the Court of Common Pleas, on Feb. 9th, in response to a suit brought by one Larkin for an assault over a betting squabble, and King had to pay damages to the amount of £5. King will be more careful how and who he uses his fives on in future. May be, however, he thought it was only a Larkin he was—hitting—if so the jury viewed it in a too serious light .... Dixon and Rafter fought on Feb. 1st for £10, 8 rounds, 50 min., when police interfered, and they adjourned till next morning, when Rafter was *non est inventus*, and the referee awarded the stakes to Dixon, as it was alleged that Rafter procured his own arrest.

THE P. R. CHAMPIONSHIP.

MACE VS. WORMALD.

On the 2d Feb., the above named worthies, with their respective representatives, met at the *Sporting Life* office, but failed to bind the bargain for a box. As the proceedings are interesting we transcribe them to our columns from the above named paper of the 4th inst., *verbatim*.

"At first, the meeting promised to be a very stormy one, as there was a very warm debate between Mace and Bos Tyler, and we are bound to say that the last named won at all points in the 'jawbation,' and was particularly smart in his deliveries on the 'Champion of the World.' Wormald, on the other hand, was as quiet and good tempered as possible, and left everything in the hands of Tyler, who is certainly one of the best and safest counsellors in these matters. Mace and Wormald were somewhat embarrassed on coming together with hostile intentions, as they have been firm 'pals,' and Tyler reminded Mace that Jem had taught the new champion all he knew. As soon as the question was opened, we saw that there was no chance of fighting, what with Wormald's position as regards the belt, and Mace's engagement to go abroad. Mace offered to fight in one, seven, eight, or nine months. Tyler and Wormald naturally scouted the idea of fighting to so short a period as a month; but at length it was agreed, if Mace would fight in two months or six, Wormald was perfectly willing, and would leave the belt entirely out of the question. Mace and his friends would not agree to the terms, and there was a very hot discussion, in which Masters Bos and Jem had some very pretty word-sparring. Mace declared that nothing but the time he had mentioned would suit him, owing to his American 'agreement' to fight Coburn; but Wormald's party pooh-poohed that as an idle excuse, and Tyler, on being twitted, told Mace that the challenge he had issued was empty bounce. Finding there was no earthly prospect of the men coming to terms, we returned each his 'fiver,' and the match is therefore off.

In connection with the above, we may mention that copies of the undermentioned letter were handed to a cotemporary and ourselves during the course of yesterday afternoon:

SIR: When Jem Mace first put forth his boasting challenge that he was champion of the world, and was at once ready to make a match with me, irrespective of the belt, it being my earnest wish to meet him, I at once responded, Mace stating no time for the match, saying that if he could not get on with me, he must "seek fresh fields and pastures new." As I had imagined, all his vauntings have come to nothing. I offered to fight in two months, which the public will consider little time enough to get well. I expressed my willingness to meet him in three, four, five, or sixth months, but all to no purpose, and then, to get out, he would only make a match to come off in a week or a month, the preposterous nature of which offer must be at once apparent. Jem Mace may style himself Champion of the World; I am perfectly content to be Champion of England, which title I will, to the uttermost in my power, maintain, by all honorable and fair means, against all comers, according to the conditions by which the Champion's belt is held. Once for all, as regards Mace—I will fight him on any fair or reasonable terms, for any sum, and on honorable terms. However, I, in common with most people, consider his challenge to me as only bunkum for another American fizzle, if he does get to America, which I doubt; but I will not allow him to make use of my name, as it were, a gag to meet his purposes, without a reply, which you, Sir, I hope, will insert. Yours respectfully,

"JOSEPH WORMALD, Champion of England.

"P. S.—Having been Champion himself, Mace knew well that I must meet any one in that time, and, therefore, any one entering into a match with him, must be guided by my having to meet others."

OUR DUTCH CORRESPONDENCE.

John Quincy Adam Soldier Home,
Weston, & Boston, Feb 14, 1865

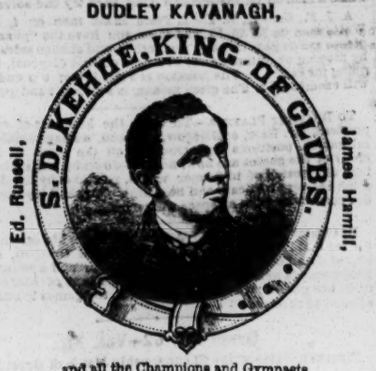
Mr. Queen:—Der poys at der Home all laff fu thre several swi dimes at my letter vich you so goot bublish sat, Feb. 11. An old fellow named Lackervid run all round mit der gal I vas vary much love and vas shoost coin to marree ven I cot out ov dat tam Hole Lippy Brison. Dis gal vas very valse and I vas tu mad to kry like ask tam sbooney so I say valse vone go svear py pig polona dat you vas drue to me vile I vas in Lippy Brison—She svear tam no such ting lie. So pefore I get marree I go down to der Sdate Hous and get Tervoce vrom Gov. Andrew, and he giv me gommission to go to der Soldier Home And here I pee now vree vrom such vicked ting as voman. Mine cot, howefer der kom som very bretty aktress out to der Home and say "ve vill giv von grand penefit for der Soldier Home upon J. Q. Adam Farm, Weston, Mass." If Sharlott Gushman, Gate Raynolds, Edvin Poot or Ned Vorrest or any oder aktor vas to do dis, it vould help poor Soldier lame man on der krutches very much. Mistaire Quëen if you vas to sooggest dis tu der bublic Akdors—dey voold pe glad tu du dis. Dis Home has peen subborted and kept live py Lieut. G. W. Caleff and such men as Brovessor Longvellow der Boet, Shared Sparks der Hisdorian, and L. Agazis der ginetik man, Poppy Linaun der Bresidunts son, and der nople, kind-hared merchands of Poston. Som very bretty ladies visit ine swi trf dimes every veek Soldier Home and pring shellies, poots and shews. Blease ter bublish and send your Baber to der Soldier Home—Yoors in luv

Hans Adamdownhill.

A CANINE POSTMAN.—Mr. Robert Nash, churchwarden of Oxford, has a fine black retriever, who regularly goes to the post-office in the village, about twenty minutes

THE RING.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH,



and all the Champions and Gymnasts
USE KEHOE'S CLUBS, FOR
STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs, $5 per pair; Clubs 10 to 12 lbs $6 to $7 per pair.
Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE,
Box 4810, Post Office, New York,
will receive immediate attention.
All orders outside of New York City must be accompanied by the money. 45-tf

THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 43

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior set of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. 18-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
126 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening. Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 41-

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON.
FENTON & DOLE.....Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35 6m) A. S. DOLE.

Come and see the Smallest Dogs in the WORLD—Together with a fine collection of Japanese Rats, all colors, naturally tame, and a number of the Canine Race; also, a fine Picture Gallery. These dogs are kept for stock, and can be seen at FLETCHER'S Hotel, N. W. corner of Thirteenth and Girard Avenue. Rats always on hand and good accommodation for dogs.
☞ Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

Boxiana.---For Sale, a Copy of Pierce Egan's edition, with all of Smeeton's original and characteristic plates, in good condition; 4 vol. 8vo., profusely illustrated with portraits of all the old boxers, &c., &c. Also, a copy of PIERCE EGAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS, now very scarce and rarely to be had. Apply at this Office. 44-tf

The GLOBE. - - - By Pat. Dinon.
47 EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars.
P. S. Banjo and Jig Dancing taught by PAT DINON, the renowned Banjoist and Jig Dancer. 44-4t*

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
DICK HOLLIWOOD, Proprietor.
Messrs. Fitzgerald & McAtee having bought out the above well known house, and re-stocked it with the
CHOICEST ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS,
Request a call from all their sporting and other friends, and assure the public of polite attention and everything of the best brands. SPARRING LESSONS GIVEN.
A SPLENDID BALL ROOM is attached. 43 3m*

Strangers Visiting the City in search of legitimate pleasure and amusement, will not half-fulfill their mission if they nelect to institute their personal enquiries at "THE EXCHANGE," of HARRY HILL, No. 26 East Houston street, where genial fun and frolic, under the most rigid surveillance, and therefore characterized by proper decorum of conduct and conversation, albeit ever and anon enlivened by the choicest Ales, Wines, Brandies, &c., rule the passing hour. 45-3m*

Champion Music Hall,
BROADWAY. 654
The only place of amusement on Broadway where strangers and friends meet with reception alike, the Champion being the acknowledged headquarters of the mirth-loving fraternity of New York, and the only place where visitors can receive sterling information as regards the sporting events on the "tapis." All parties would do well to pay it one visit.
THE MOST COMPLETE GALLERY OF SPORTING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE WORLD.
Thirty beautiful lady waiters. Admission free.
CHARLEY GROVESTEEN, Manager.
MISS KATE STANTON, Proprietress. 40-3m*

The Upper Ten,
428 BROOME STREET,
near Broadway.
DICK HOLLYWOOD.....Proprietor.
Private Lessons in the Art of Self-Defence. 46-3m*

Currency House, 106 North Sixth street, (two doors above Arch street, Philadelphia. JOHN LAZARUS respectfully informs his New York and Philadelphia friends, and others, that he has opened the above House, and will be glad to see all who may visit Philadelphia. The best of Wines, Ales, Liquors, and Segars always on hand. Kehoe's Clubs, and Boxing Gloves on hand, and lessons in the Art of Self-Defence by JOHN LAZARUS himself. JOHNNY has fixed up his Picture Gallery with all the latest Sporting Prints—Pugilistic, Aquatic, and Trotting. 47-tf

TURN-UP IN BROOKLYN.—A "Looker On," who was present at the affair he describes, states that Tom Ledan, whose challenge to Patsy Kelly appeared in last week's CLIPPER, and a man named Tobin, met at a sporting house not 100 miles from Fulton Ferry, on Saturday, the 25th ult., and had an impromptu turnup. Ledan was handled by Jim Dunn and Darby Kelly, and Tobin by Bill Dwyer and Ed Lowery. They fought eighteen rounds, lasting 33 minutes. Tobin, it is alleged, gained first blood and first knock down, and had the best of the fight throughout. Ledan, it is said, was severely punished, and had both his eyes closed, while Tobin escaped with a black eye. So writes our informant.

A STAKEHOLDER SUED.—The case of Harry Hill, the stakeholder in the Martin and Co. fight, in which the former (Martin) seeks to recover the sum of $1,000, being his own stake in that affair, which was paid over to the winning party by the stakeholder, was brought up in the Court of Common Pleas last week. The stakeholder's counsel, Mr. Chauncey Schaffer, took exception to the security offered by Martin for the costs of the court, in the person of Thomas Chaffers, of Williamsburg, on the ground that that individual was not possessed of any real estate in the city of New York, as required by law. The court held the objection good, and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

CARD FROM MR. DWYER.—In reply to a card which appeared in our last, signed by Mr. Wm Davis, we have received the subjoined communication. As each has now had a hearing, the discussion must cease, so far as the CLIPPER is concerned:

NEW YORK, No. 3 EAST HOUSTON STREET, Feb. 23d, 1865.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—SIR: In your last week's issue, I am most undeservedly attacked and aspersed by Mr. Wm. M. Davis, the California Champion. I should not perhaps have troubled myself by writing this reply, which I do not offer as a defense of my conduct in the transaction, but as a rebutment of the whole charge made against me by an ingrate, for, in that light I regard Mr. DAVIS. With regard to the self-laudatory style of the first part of his epistle, I have nothing to do, never having been engaged in any of the delicate occupations and professions. With the second part, beginning "One of my &c.," I am intimately interested, and can give the statement much more correctly than Mr. Davis has done: About 7 A. M., Mr. Kelly called upon me. He put me in possession of two $50 notes, as the deposit for the night (Feb. 1st); two or three rounds of drinks were discussed, and, on leaving, he said if I returned him the money, he would attend at Phil. Clare's and make the deposit himself, and get my promise before I called upon him. I called at Kelly's; he had not got ready, and, after some time spent, we started for Kit. Burns', as he was to accompany Kelly. On reaching there, Kit. was not ready, and, notwithstanding my repeated warnings as to their being late, more time was lost. On getting out of the house, Kit. cried "A forfeit! a forfeit!" and started on a run to the ferry. We caught the last boat before 10 o'clock, and the boat had to put out of the slip some three times to force through the ice, which was so dense as to prevent her getting in at the first or second trial. Burns and another at once started on a run for Phil.'s, leaving Kelly and myself to follow. As we passed up the street, we stopped under a lamp, and Kelly gave me two fifties, and, on looking at my watch, I found that it was two minutes past 10. When we reached Clare's, it was fifteen or twenty minutes past 10. Phil. and the rest were enjoying themselves, and Clare said they had claimed the forfeit and were taking a sociable drink on it. Kelly said that was all nonsense, as he had given me the money at nearly ten minutes to 10 on the boat, and we had been delayed by the ice. Phil. said there was nothing about the boat in the articles, and his house was the place, and we were twenty minutes past the time specified by the document. I returned Kelly the two $50 notes in Clare's. So much for Mr. Davis' statement that I was "beating about the bush," with the money in my pocket. So much for the "three witnesses seeing me receive the money on board the boat at ten minutes to 10 o'clock." For the sake of the match coming off, I admitted Kelly's statement about receiving the money at the time stated, and thus saving Davis' $600. As to giving up the money, I had no other resource when the money was persistently claimed. The articles were binding upon me in the most express terms, and, however much against my will and inclination, I had to abide by them. Mention is made by Davis of $800 in the stakeholder's hands. On Friday (Feb. 3d), two days after the forfeit was claimed, Mullen gave me $200, which I afterwards returned to him, on the day after I paid the $1200 to Dunn. If the money had been in my possession at the time the seventh deposit was to have been made, there would have been no forfeit, or, if it had been left to me to put up, I would have done it out of my own pocket, and afterwards got it from Mr. Mullen. I certainly had no conversation with Davis or Mullen after the money was given up, but we all drank together, and I remained a considerable time with them. I had business out of the city, and started that night, and did not return for two days. As to the threats which have been made against my person, I desire to caution any party or parties making the attempt, as I shall protect myself, and will be sure to hurt one or two if any such attempt is made. The assertions that I have stood in, and made money out of, the forfeit, are base lies, and scarcely deserve my notice. Instead of making anything out of the affair, I went around to collect the deposits, and spent considerable, and have also secured to myself the ill-will of both parties—this is the profit I have made out of it. As regards Mr. Davis and his assertion published in his letter, I despise both. I first introduced Davis to the sporting public in New York, got him the hall, and was the means of getting out his bills, &c., for the New York exhibition. I did more than this: on his expressing a desire to go and take a benefit in Philadelphia, I sent him to his present backer and patron, the MESSRS. Mullen, who have long been friends of mine, and told him to use my name. I have lived before I made his acquaintance, and I, no doubt, shall be able to get along without his future friendship or patronage. I remain, respectfully,
JOHN DWYER.

CARD FROM MR. KELLY.—NEW YORK, Feb. 27th, 1865. EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER. SIR: I shall feel obliged by your inserting the following, in contradiction to a letter from John Dwyer, which I have seen, and which, I understand, is to appear in the N. Y. CLIPPER of this week, in relation to the Dunn and Davis match, and the forfeiture in the first stakes. Dwyer states that the money was returned to me, on the night of the seventh deposit, before I left his house. This is a falsehood, and I can prove it one. On calling upon me, before we started for Clare's, he returned it to me on leaving my house to start for Kit's. I was ready to start for Kit's the moment Dwyer called, and started for Kit's at once. We reached Kit's at 8.50, and left at 5 minutes to 9, and got the boat at 10 minutes past 9. Not being able to get into the slip, and time flying, I positively gave Dwyer the two $50 notes in the presence of Kit Burns and a friend of Dwyer's, and their watches were examined, and they denoted the hour to be 9.50 there being but 10 minutes to get up to Clare's. I never stopped under a lamp post, but proceeded right up to Clare's. Kit arrived before me, and got into Clare's at 4 minutes past 10, and I got in at 6 minutes past 10. They claimed the forfeit, do all we could; and we hoped that Dwyer would do what was right. His having to wait at my house and at Kit's is untrue, as we both started at once for the ferry. On the Monday night, when the Dunn party so resolutely claimed the money, Dwyer left the house with Alderman Jackson and four more of us, and Dwyer deputed the Alderman to give notice to the Dunn party that the fight was to take place and the deposit put up. Keenan came out of Dwyer's, and insisted upon his presence, to give his decision without any more delay. On returning, there was a scene of uproar, and the Brooklyn party could hear of nothing but the forfeit. Dwyer then said he would give his decision next day, in Brooklyn. That decision he wrote, and it was, that the money should all be put up and fought for, and there was no forfeit; and afterwards, within 24 hours, gave up the money to Dunn, against his own declared convictions and decision. On Thursday, the 2d of Feb., I gave Dwyer $100, and did not receive it until Saturday week following, from his barkeeper, as I could not find Dwyer, he having hid away the whole week, after his decision of Tuesday. In relation to the above, I am willing to take an affidavit of its entire truth.
I am, sir, yours, &c., D. KELLY.
I, Kit Burns, hereby testify to the truth of Mr. Kelly's statement in every particular. KIT BURNS.

MERRY MILL AT LAWRENCEVILLE, N. Y.—A merry little mill came off on the 13th Feb., at this village, between two well-known sporting characters named, Andy Scott, a noted cock fighter, and Hen Nuser, a saloon keeper, both belonging to Lawrenceville. A difficulty of long standing existed between these two worthies, and on the day in question it was mutually agreed to decide it by an appeal to nature's own weapons. Scott had an immense advantage in height and weight, standing 6 ft. 2½ in., and weighing 235 lbs., while Nuser is only 5 ft 7½ in., and weighs but 142 lbs.; the latter, however, makes up in quickness and science for these disadvantages. Andy Scott was seconded by Rodge Jeffry, and Nuser by Humpy Ferguson. Commencing operations, Andy led off, but was finely stopped by Nuser, whose tactics seemed to be of the defensive order. After some slight exchanges, Andy got a heavy one on the bread basket, which sent Nuser to grass. In the second round, Nuser planked a heavy blow on his opponent's peeper which somewhat staggered him, but he returned it with a rattler on the proboscis, which turned on the claret and sent Nuser to mother earth. The latter came up slowly to time on the third round, when some good hitting and counterhitting ensued, Nuser knocking Scott of his legs by a heavy facer. In the fourth round, after good exchanges, Nuser was sent down. They both came up slowly in the fifth round, and after mutual exchanges, clinched, and both came heavily to earth side by side. Darkness coming on, the friends of both parties agreed to draw the fight and resume it some other day; both men were punished severely. They are now matched to fight for $250, and our obliging correspondent there promises full details of the fight.

JOHNNY MCGLADE'S BENEFIT.—This well-known boxer took a benefit at the Stuyvesant Institute on Wednesday evening, the 22d Feb. There was a very good attendance of spectators, but a difficulty was experienced in getting sparrers, the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. William Tovee, having considerable difficulty in finding volunteers.

CURRENCY HOUSE is the name of the hostelrie Johnny Lazarus has just opened in the city of Philadelphia. It is an odd appellation, but we hope lots of currency may be made by its proprietor in this his new enterprise. As Philadelphia is a city of friends, we hope he may find many staunch and true ones there, as well as be kept in remembrance by those of other cities traveling that way.

THE RING IN VIRGINIA CITY.—The match between Con Orem and Hugh O'Neil, at Virginia City, Montana Territory, was going on at last advices. It was thought that Orem would have his hands full, as O'Neil would enter the ring at about 190 lbs. They were to have fought in the early part of February.....A glove-fight took place at Virginia City some time ago, between Orem and Joe Bean, for $500. They had 21 rounds in half an hour, Orem coming off first best; he was seconded by Joe Riley and Lon McCarthy, while Bean was looked after by Hugh O'Neil and Alex. McGregor. Col. J. A. Nelson officiated as referee.

LIVELY DOG TALK.—The following pungent epistle concerning two Boston "dogs," dated Feb. 16th, in conjunction with a challenge to Harry Jennings, we here publish for the benefit of "all whom it may concern:"

EDITOR CLIPPER—SIR: Knowing of your impartiality with regard to all kinds of sport, I take the liberty of addressing you with a few particulars respecting a canine contest which took place in this city some five weeks since, between the much-talked-of 25lb. champion-dog belonging to Harry Jennings—with which he scared all New York some few months ago—and my 25lb. dog, Crib, on which occasion the celebrated dog-fancier suffered defeat in the short space of 17 minutes, he demanding me to pick up my log to save his dog's life. Harry Jennings' repeated 25lb. challenges induced me to forward you this; and if he wants any satisfaction, with the same two dogs, at 25lbs. weight (his favorite weight, with his favorite dog), he need not look any further than Boston, for I will fight him in four or five weeks, for $100 or $1 000 a side; and I have deposited $100 with Tom Grew as an earnest of my intentions.
THOS. THORNTON, 63 Causeway street, Boston.

HARRY JENNINGS expatiates in reference to canine matters in the following terms, in a letter dated Boston, Feb. 16th. He says—"A friend of mine was in Philadelphia a week ago and some Philadelphians expressed themselves anxious to fight a match between my dog and theirs, and as I have several idle dogs on hand and a little money to speculate, I am very anxious to bind any of the following matches with any one in the United States, for from $100 to $5000 a side, give or take expenses, or meet half way. A 34 lb. dog for $500, or $1000 a side; 29 lbs. for $200 a side; or I will match the young 29 lb. dog at 30 lbs. weight against the Philadelphia dog Danger at 30 pounds check, providing they bet me $500 against $400, in four or five weeks, to take place in or near New York, and I have concluded to match my yellow and white dog, the Greenhorn, at 27 pounds weight, for $500 or $1000 a side; or I will match Jem Giddings' dog of Brooklyn at 26 lbs., give or take half a pound, against Jack Welsh's or any dog they can get; a 25 pounder for $500 or $1000 a side, and I will fight a Waterford pup at 22 lbs., and give or take a pound, for $500 a side. I have also two Turk pups that I will match at 20 lbs. and 26 lbs., for $100 a side. As I am in earnest I have enclosed a century as a deposit for any, or four or five of the above matches; first come first served. If necessary I will enclose $500 more at any time when notified. HARRY JENNINGS.

IN A HURRY.—A burly Irishman went into a telegraph office, at Springfield, the other day, and called out, "I want a clane shirt sent by telegraph from New York, immediately!"

THE TURF.

Cincinnati Spring Racing Meeting, 1865.
To commence
ON TUESDAY, JUNE 20,
AND CONTINUE FOUR DAYS.
AMOUNT OF PURSES $3,650.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY,
Spencer House Stake of $100 each, half forfeit, $300 added by the proprietor of the Spencer House; for colts and fillies now three years old; to name and close April 1st, 1865. Three to enter to fill. Mile Heats.
SAME DAY.—Purse $400—Mile heats, for all ages.
SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY,
Purse $600—Two Mile heats, for all ages.
SAME DAY—Purse $250—One and a half mile dash; selling race. Horses entered to be sold for $1,000, to carry their proper weight; if entered to be sold for $750, allowed 7 lbs; if entered to be sold for $500, allowed 14 lbs; if entered to be sold for $250, allowed 21 lbs. ANY HORSE ENTERED AND NOT TO BE SOLD, TO CARRY 10 LBS. EXTRA, the winner to be sold by auction after the race. Any surplus to go to the manager. The owner to retain his horse should he not go over the price entered to be sold for.
THIRD DAY, THURSDAY,
Mill Creek House Stake; Purse $500—the gift of the owners of the Mill Creek House—mile heats, best 3 in 5.
SAME DAY—Sweepstake of $50 each, half forfeit; $150 added for colts and fillies now two years old. To name and close 1st April, 1865. Three to enter to fill; half mile.
FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY,
Burnett House Stake of $100 each; half forfeit; $500 added by the proprietor of the Burnett House. For colts and fillies now three years old. To name and close the 1st of April, 1865. Three to enter to fill. Two mile heats.
SAME DAY—Purse $1000—Three mile heats for all ages.
The above races to be governed by the rules and regulations of the Lexington, Ky., Association. No deduction for a walk over. No postponement in regard to the weather. No gambling allowed on the track. Ladies admitted free to the stand, when accompanied by gentlemen.
All the entries for the above stakes to name and close with the Secretary, ABE CARROLL, Burnett House, Cincinnati, on or before the 1st of April, 1865. R. UNDERWOOD,
46-tf Manager.

RACING IN CALIFORNIA.
LODI AND NORFOLK.

Some few weeks ago we stated, on the authority of the California sporting papers, that a series of matches, at four miles, three miles, two miles, and one mile heats, had been arranged between Judge Bryan's race horse Lodi, by Vandal, formerly bred and owned by Mr. J. M. Clay, of Kentucky, and Mr. Theodore Winters' horse, Norfolk, by Lexington, the memorable winner of the first Jersey Derby at Paterson last June. We find, however, that such announcement was premature, as the negotiations for such matches had not resulted in any definite arrangements. Messrs. Bryan and Winters, the respected owners of these two famous thoroughbreds, are seemingly desirous of testing their relative powers of speed and endurance, and aware of the important truth contained in the old adage, that "a match well made is half won," are evidently beating about the bush to gain some slight advantage over each other. Judge Bryan has published in the *California Spirit of the Times* the following challenge:

RACING CHALLENGE.

I will run my horse Lodi against any horse in America, three or four mile heats, or both, for five or ten thousand dollars a side each race,—to be run to California rule, upon the "Fair Grounds" at Sacramento city, between the 16th day of May and the 15th day of October, 1865. Race with any horse now west of the Rocky Mountains, to close by the first day of April next; any horse east of the Rocky Mountains to have until the 15th of April next, to name horse and race, and until the first day of July next to close; forfeit, one-half of bet, to go up at date of closing; or I will run any horse in America, as follows: To commence on Tuesday the 16th of May, or Tuesday the 6th of June next.

FIRST—Run *three* or *four mile heats* (at option of party accepting), for $5,000 a side on either of above days, at the above place, to rule, $2,500 forfeit to go up on the 1st day of April next, balance on day of race.

SECOND—Run on Saturday of same week, *two mile heats*, for $5,000 a side, same forfeit to go up 1st day of May next, balance as above.

THIRD—If Lodi wins the two mile day, I will then agree to run the same horse that is in the above races, MILE HEATS, the *three best in five*, for five or ten thousand dollars a side (at the option of the other party), to be run as above, on the same course, or at San Jose, on the 4th of July next. CHAS. H. BRYAN.

VIRGINIA, Nevada, January 5th, 1865.

To this challenge the owner of Norfolk has published the subjoined reply, from which it appears he will waive the mile heat race conditionally on Lodi's owner waiving the four-mile heat race, and will run him two races, at two-mile heats and three-mile heats respectively, for $5,000 or $10,000 a side. We have every reason to hope that this proposition, fair and honorable as it certainly is, will be acceded to. The famous jockey, Gilpatrick, is now in this city, awaiting intelligence of the final arrangement of the match, on receipt of which he will immediately start for California, having been retained by Judge Bryan to ride Lodi in the event of these matches being made:

"MY attention has been called to the challenge of Judge Bryan, and I now submit the following propositions:

'FIRST.—I will meet Lodi with my horse, Norfolk, at two (2) mile heats on any track in California, where best terms can be made, for $5,000 or $10,000 a side, one-half forfeit. Notes, with satisfactory security, to be put up for forfeit when the race closes; made payable at 1 o'clock, on the day of race; the other half to be placed in the hands of the stakeholder, on the day of the race, and, if run, before starting.

SECOND.—Ten (10) days after the first race, I will meet him at three (3) mile heats, for same amount and same conditions as named in first race; said races to be run under the rules governing races in California.

This proposition to remain open until the 10th of February, 1865. Time to run, and place and other details, must be agreed upon before closing.

THEO. WINTERS.

Gold Hill, Nv., January 16th, 1865.

TROTTING AT WHITEHALL, N. Y.

THE following is a summary of the annual three days' trotting at Whitehall:

FIRST DAY, Feb. 15th.—A purse of $75, for horses of all ages, best 3 in 5, to harness, mile heats:

Wm. Borse names b g George	1	1	1
S. B. Woodard names b g Stonewall Jackson	2	2	2
Rodney Smith names blk m Black Fanny	3	4	3
Tilly Norton names blk s Darkey	4	3	drawn.
Chas. Finch names b g Uncle David	5	5	drawn.

Time, 2:34; 2:35; 2:37.

Darkey is said to be the fastest stallion in that section of the country, but cannot be driven in a race, as he will bolt and run as soon as urged to a break; this he did in the above race, but the driver froze to the ribbons, brought him up, and came in third.

SECOND DAY, Feb. 16th.—$1,000 match between the celebrated stallions Black Warrior and Stonewall Jackson, mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness. This race drew thousands of spectators from all parts of the country, and resulted as follows:

S. B. Woodard enters b s Stonewall Jackson	1	2	1	1
John Brett enters blk s Black Warrior	2	1	2	2

Time (first heat only taken), 2:36.

Black Warrior was handled by Mr. Wm. Borse, Stonewall by Wm. McDonald. There was probably more money changed hands on this race than on any other race that has ever taken place in that section of the country. Warrior is the speediest horse by many seconds, but was sadly out of condition. His friends are very anxious to make a new match for $500 or $1,000, but the Stonewallers can't see it.

THIRD DAY, Feb. 17th.—Purse of $500, for 5 year olds and younger, mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness:

Wm. Borse names br m Brown Bess	1	1	1
S. B. Woodard names d m Dunn Mare	2	2	2
E. H. Gardner names g g Awful Gardner	3	3	drawn.

Time not taken.

This result was a "dead beat" on the pockets of the Saratoga clique, as they were backing the Dunn at 2, 3 and 5 to 1 against the field.

AMUSEMENTS.

BANJO! BANJO!! BANJO!!!
A CARD.
I have taken lessons of
HENRY C. AND GEORGE C. DOBSON,
and have progressed rapidly under their tuition. I have no hesitation in pronouncing them the finest performers and teachers of the Banjo in the country. The Banjo I now use in my solos is one of the Dobson Brothers' Professional Banjos; I find it the most durable, best toned, and more easy to play upon than any other manufactured. I cheerfully recommend all those in want of tuition on an instrument to call upon Messrs. Henry C. and George C. Dobson, 691 Broadway, from whom they can rely upon getting entire justice. MISS LOTTA,
Comedienne.
TO HENRY C. AND GEORGE C. DOBSON,
47-1t* 691 Broadway.

TO MANAGERS OF CIRCUSES & SIDE SHOWS.
MISS JENNIE ENGLE,
This young, beautiful and dashing Vocalist and Comedienne, now the great card at the Varieties theatre, in this city, with
W. B. CAVANAUGH,
the Shakespearean Clown, Irish Comedian and Comic Vocalist, can be engaged to travel the ensuing season with responsible Managers. Apply to CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
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VARIETY ARTISTS,
LADY VOCALISTS, DANSEUSES, PANTOMIMISTS GYMNASTS, and ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS, WANTED, immediately, for a new and responsible combination, to start Feb. 20th. Apply to CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
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COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!--
COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!
COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!
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The old established Teachers, at the old established place, where a thorough knowledge of the BANJO is guaranteed in one course of instruction. Banjos, such as are used by the entire Minstrel Profession, from $20 up to $150. Banjos made for Presentations. Hours for instruction daily, from 9 A. M., until 10 P. M.
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THEATRES or TABLEAUX furnished by the night, week, or season with
FLAGS, TRIMMINGS OR PROPERTIES.
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FRANK EDWARDS,
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A BIG THING.
W. W. BROOM, ESQ.,
just arrived from London, can be engaged to give his funny entertainment entitled
A FUNNY NIGHT
FOR MERRY PEOPLE;
or an OLLA PODRIDA OF ANECDOTES, NONSENSE, IMITATIONS and RECITATIONS. Address his sole agent,
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ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN, PANTOMIMIST
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THE INFANT PRODIGY,
is at present performing a brilliant engagement at the Oxford Hall, Washington. He is the infant Blondin of the age. He embraces all the elegance and daring of Herr Cline on the single wire, the miraculous tricks, and somersaulting, and world renowned ascension of Blondin, and terrific bounding, vaulting and leaping of Javeli, all combined and excelled by this wonderful infant phenomenon, who is only eight years of age, and is one of the most wonderful performers of the day. His ascensions on the tight rope and wire are truly grand and exciting. His Punchinello act is also a great card. Managers wishing to secure this artist can do so by addressing his sole agent.
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THAT DASHING SIX DOG TEAM.--To Circus MANAGERS.—THE SNOW BRO'S, WILLIAM and BENJAMIN, ACROBATS AND GYMNASTS, are open for engagements for the coming season, with their highly trained dogs, PIP, JACK, and FLIP. Also, a dashing SIX DOG TEAM, with Chariot, Silver Mounted Harness, &c. A great attraction for processions, and the only one in the country. N. B.—The brothers have a FOUR SHEET BILL. CUTS, etc., for descriptive bill. For terms and particulars address W. A. SNOW, No. 10 Brattle Square, Boston, Mass. 46-2t*

ATTENTION!--Living Curiosities. Living Curiosities. Managers or Agents of same, desirous of forming engagements previous to the opening, or at the close of the Traveling Season, are requested to communicate with the undersigned, by forwarding photographs, stating salary, conditions, &c. Address BURNELL & PRESCOTT, Museum, cor. 4th and Pine sts., St. Louis, Mo. 46-2t

WANTED--AN OLD WOMAN, WALKING LADY, JUVENILE LADY, JUVENILE MAN and UTILITY MAN.
W. H. LEAK,
45-tf Manager of Elmira Theatre, N. Y.

PROPRIETORS of LARGE HALLS OR THEATRES desiring the services of
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having the largest and best apparatus in the world, or any person desiring to LEARN THE ART and wishing to purchase afterwards, will address FRANK EDWARDS'
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N. B.—The Original Chinese Caballistic Cabinet of the deceased McAllister, in complete working order, for sale. Price $100. 47-1tr

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N. B.—I am somewhat advanced in the Jig and Clog, but will learn any part of the business. 47-1t*

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OF

MR. AND MRS. JOHN GREENE,

With Sketches of Popular Actors and Actresses,

FROM 1812 TO 1863.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CHARLES DURANG.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACTORS IN PENNSYLVANIA—CHAS. S. PORTER'S APPRENTICESHIP—ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC—A SHE DEVIL—BIG SCOTT—FAILURE OF AN EXPEDITION BY SCOTT AND PORTER, &c., &c.

In 1819, while Manager Willis and the Greenes were occupying the grounds of the Cumberland valley, Entwistle formed another scheme with the intention of making a circuit in the State of Pennsylvania. He opened in Lancaster, and there failed most gloriously, when his debts lodged him in durance vile, whence he was delivered through the benefit of the then insolvent act. Mr. Charles S. Porter entered his first stage apprenticeship with Entwistle. He had been a member of much promise in the old Moretonian Dramatic Society that occupied the old South Street Theatre in days of yore. This society took its name from the favorite actor, John Pollard Moreton, a member of the first Chestnut Street Theatre, of 1794, whose elegant and engaging traits of personal deportment and finished histrionic powers made him the model of perfection of the art critics, and all play goers. From the easy dignity of his figure and manners, Gilbert Stuart, the distinguished painter of General Washington's full length portrait, selected Moreton to stand as model for the outlines of "*the father of his country.*" This actor, who did much to elevate his profession, both by his public talent and private worth, died in the season of 1797. His health was ever delicate, and while performing Lothario, in the "Fair Penitent," on one of the coldest nights of that severe winter, he had to lie on the stage in his thin dress for a great length of time ere the curtain fell. When he was raised he was found totally insensible; he was borne to his dressing-room, and thence home, in a torpid state. It was observed that his acting had for ever passed; he lingered a few weeks, and expired. After Entwistle's failure, Mr. Porter and his brethren formed a traveling *corps*, playing at Little York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, &c., where they soon ormed a junction with Manager Willis and the Greenes, who were on the Virginia side of the Potomac holding forth in the towns in the Shenandoah Valley. The manager's wife, Mrs. Willis, was a very handsome woman, but of a very shrewish temperament, wishing to be independent and govern in all things; fond of power, and its uncontrolled exercise, a very despot in her theatrical rule; snatching her husband's managerial thunder, and using it to hurl at the poor players, as she considered her right as the *juno* of the mimic throne. "Her vaulting ambition" too often, however, "o'er leaping itself, fell on the others." Her jealousy, like Othello's, without any objective cause, was often aroused and perplexed to madness. But her strongest passion was that of money power, suffering no rival near the till of the Box office. This *Autocratrix* insisted on being the sole treasurer, not only in holding the sinews of the war, *the cash*, but, assumed the stage manager's functions of casting the plays, arranging the bill of performances, and to propose or *veto* any measure that did not meet her views. Thus holding all managerial control, she sold the tickets night after night, and pocketing the proceeds, postponed the salary day to pay the performers, and mechanics, as suited her royal pleasure. Her arbitrary conduct of paying, or, non-paying, brought the business to a halt, leaving her husband to pay the people in *promises*, the only currency left him—she took all the *coin* and paper money. One by one the members seceded from their allegiance. Mr. C. S. Porter had met J. M. Scott (called by way of distinction big Scott). This notable histrion of the day was then plying his skill as a master tailor, with six or seven journeymen working in his establishment; but his unfortunate dramatic proclivities caused him to neglect his cutting shears and artful measures—and as Mrs. John Wood exclaims, in *Pocahontas*, "*Oh! scissors, how it cuts,*" for his indulgences in dramatic callings cut off all his customers, and finally involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, so at last he flew by night from the hills and valleys of Shenandoah with Charles Porter, who was one of the seceders from Mrs. Willis. J. M. Scott was much attached to Charles Porter, and they prepared to perform a pilgrimage to Baltimore, where Scott said he had scenery and wardrobe laid snugly up *incog* Porter, being young and verdant, agreed to everything suggested by his *Mentor*, who fixed the time for their departure at midnight; no baggage, but a wallet shaped knapsack was given to Porter to pack his wardrobe in, and a couple of small bundles were made up for himself at this arrangement. Porter was astonished. "Why not go in the stage by the way of Frederick Town to Baltimore?" asked the green-horn. "Oh! no, Charles," said Scott, "I have a motive for this secret and midnight move, which I will explain to you as we perambulate towards Alexandria, where I have negotiated for the old Theatre." At the appointed time away they went, crossed over the Potomac, and took up the line of march for Alexandria; money seemed scarce with the new manager; animated, however, with theatrical ambition, and braced by youthful limbs and spirits to endurance, they reached Alexandria, where it would seem disappointment awaited the incipient movements of Manager Scott. Porter began to despond; a wet blanket had fallen over Scott's brilliant prospectus of theatres, but he cheered up Porter's lagging prospects with what Baltimore would do. Away they hied to the City of Monuments, still moving on the strollers carriage, *the legs!* They arrived at their destination, when Scott took Porter to Federal Hill, to a lonely row of delapidated houses built on speculation when it was thought the city was going that way. Here he showed Porter his treasures. On opening the room some faded scenery, soaked in the rain of months, were seen and some trunks filled with seedy, moth eaten dresses. Porter became clairvoyant, and the old rhyming enigma crossed his mind:

"Without a bridle or a saddle,
Across a thing I ride a straddle;
And shoes I ride, by help of me,
Though almost blind, are made to see
The solution— A pair of spectacles!"

So common sense saddled his nose with her spectacles, that opened his eyes to humbugging. Meeting a friend who was going to Philadelphia, and who took him under his care, they arrived home in health and spirits, with his mind much improved by his maiden excursion in Thespian freaks.

Mrs. Willis saw the extermination of their company with dismay, and they had to rest awhile till they could receive fresh forces. Mrs. Greene was the only lady performer left in the company. Thus left alone in all her glory, with only Mrs. Greene to contend with in all the various lines of female business, the queen of all she surveyed in casts, she grew jealous of Mrs. Greene, the sole representative of the female *repertoire*. This devil incarnate saw that the youthful actress was nightly developing that talent that would elevate her to a high position, and sought to checkmate this *Xantippe*—like the wife of Socrates—one day at dinner, where at least twenty persons were seated, emptied a tureen of calves-head soup upon the head of her Thespian lord, who only exclaimed, with the Grecian stoic and philosopher, "after thunder there generally falls rain;" and this only for the reason that he had cast Mrs. Greene to the part of Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," without asking her managerial leave. On the night of its performance she was in front, as usual, watching the door-keepers. During the garden scene of "Romeo and Juliet," when Juliet exclaimed, "Oh, Romeo! Romeo!" Mrs. Willis cried out from the front boxes, "Stop calling him, for there he stands before you—that faithless husband of mine." Confusion worse confounded seized upon all the audience and performers at this outrage. However, the scene went on. At the ending of the speech by Juliet:—

"Romeo, doff thy name, and for that name, which is no part of thee, take all myself!"

Romeo.—"I take thee at thy word. *Call me but love*, and I'll be *new baptized; henceforth I never will be Romeo.*"

While this dialogue was going on, this termigant of fiery sprites ran behind the scenes, and before he spoke the last line rang down the curtain. The audience, disgusted, hastily retired, and the performances ceased. One night, when Mrs Greene was performing the part of Floranthe, in the "Mountaineers," Floranthe says, "I love thee for thy heart, dear Sadi!" "I know, you do, you seducer of other women's husbands!" shouted the insulting termagant. In her rage she attempted to strike Mrs. Greene in the face in a most artistic, pugilistic style, as Powhatan would say to his gentle savage in Brougham's extravaganza of "Pocahontas," but Mr. Greene stepped before his lady and received the Amazonian blow. The houses were well attended; the audiences were of the most respectable citizens of the town, where the orderly conduct of its inhabitants was like the harmony of a well regulated family—where the idea of a police officer's power was a thing never dreamt of, or this domestic tyrant would probably have been escorted to lodgings for the night by a gentleman in uniform; but such a thing never occurred to those unsophisticated people even when she would frighten them by crying "fire" on nights when the house was full, if anything occurred to displease her. Her little whims, as they called them, were not interfered with personally, although she degraded herself in their opinion. Her husband was her victim on all occasions, as she constantly insulted him, and in one of her pretty pets she broke his wrist across the bedstead. It may be asked, Why did Mr. and Mrs. Greene remain under this annoying and vulgar brutal tyranny, when other theatres of note might have availed themselves of their services? They were then in their novitiate; a field in this strolling *corps* was open to study, practice, and improvement thereby; the regular theatres then in existence were very *few*; there were only four or five of our principal cities that could support theatres, and in those the business of the respective lines was fully monopolized by thorough practised, viz, English actors. For native performers of any grade above mere *supernumeraries*, there was but little encouragement or courtesy. The theatres were few and far between, and salaries bearing no proportion to the sums now paid to even mediocrity or the lower grades of a theatre. The salaries of the three leading theatres of the country about 1817 and 1818—viz, the Park, New York, the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and the Federal Street Boston—were nearly on a par, ranging from $30 to $28 and $25 for leading performers, and benefits at charges, and only *one* in a season. The Charleston Theatre, South Carolina, was the fourth principal theatre in the Union, where the salaries were on rather a larger scale, for the reason of living expenses being higher, traveling more costly, and a shorter season in consequence of the lengthened hot weather and its unhealthiness of climate. This was under the management of Mr. A. Placide, the father of the present talented family of histrions.

In returning to the Greene fix, in the case of their manageress, we have shown from the paucity of theatres and other concomitant circumstances, it was difficult to procure an engagement elsewhere; while their "*poverty* and not their *will*" compelled them to remain with their royal mistress. The Willis' management moved the company to a distance of 22 miles from their last stopping place in Virginia, to a lone village near Baltimore; it being in the month of August, and the weather extremely hot and sultry, the journey promised much discomfort, especially as there was no stage, or any other conveyances to be found. The only resource was a sort of chair wheels used to carry the dead to the common cemetery, the farmers having only rough wagons and ox carts for all purposes of work or pleasure trips. This chair-wheel vehicle the *autocratrix* monopolized for herself and luggage. The Greenes thus being unable to hire any conveyance at all, they agreed with the gentlemen of the company and a lady, who played the old dames, to walk the whole distance in a hot sun to the next town, where they were to perform that very night. Thus did they make a *virtue of* necessity.

At one point of their journey they had to wade through the Potomac, the river being very low made it fordable. An old negro man, who was bobbing for eels, seated on a boulder, generously offered to ferry the two ladies across the river in his leaky bateau; this the females accepted—the gentlemen with their boots [illegible] rolled up, and bundles on their heads waded [illegible] Potomac. Ominous was [illegible]

fortunes. But, a mishap occurred to the boat—she struck a hidden rock and bilged—the shock threw the ladies into the water—they were rescued from their bath by the wading players and carried in their arms, saturated with bright Potomac's waters, and safely landed. Thus wet and disordered in personal aspect, they pursued the journey in a hay wagon. Arriving at the town they were to play at that night, they were received by the lady manageress with coolness and ironical questions. "Well, how did you like your pedestrian journey, eh? Your vehicular conveyance must have been very agreeable?" The best and only answer to these demoniac inquiries from a human fiend was their awful plight—their bruised sore feet—their jaded limbs and wearied looks. They looked an animated group of misery and despair.

The business was excellent here—the hall was filled every evening, and as they had agreed to play on shares, they anticipated a handsome sum to each person at the end of the week, some consolation in their afflictions; but the wily female treasurer retained her financial post and usual system of taking the *lion's share*, the poor actors received scarcely enough to pay their board, their clothing worn out—no prospect of procuring a renewal. The next move was to Cumberland on the mountains in Maryland, from which wild and romantic crest the eye beholds one of the most picturesque vales in Christendom—so beautifully checkered with richly-cultivated farms, whose golden sheafs of various grains dotting the fields as carefully gathered, while the sight catches little sheets of crystal waters glimmering brightly through the opening foliage of scattered clustered copses and shadowing white substantial farm houses and barns—imparts a view of mountain scenery and placid valley cultivation in combination, that neither pen nor pencil can describe nor paint—it appeared as an Eden upon earth! the happy valley! where religious calm, peace and happiness of this life seemed to repose with *God's* eternal seal. Surely if any incentive can lift man's thoughts from earth to heaven, it is scenes like these.

A large old building that had been used as a drug store, the company converted into an extemporary theatre. Here the spouting young men were in the habit of congregating in their hours of leisure to play cards and drafts, etc. One of the party of an inquisitive nature, in rummaging the shelves and boxes, found a bottle of fine old wine. Exultation seised upon the party at this *apropos* discovery of what was supposed to be an aged bottle of vinous fluid—placed there by the physician—as a reserved comfort when spirited forth for his taste, as a *bon bouche* for his merry ruby boon companions—who often, no doubt, assembled around his counter after business hours to hob-nob with sparkling glasses flowing with wine—that elicits the jest—the smart repartee and the attic wit—or, like true *bon vivants*, joyfully toasted the lovely maiden of their hearts. So joyously impressed was this party with their new found wine, that they ardently imitated their supposed predecessors, bathing their drooping spirits in delight beyond the bliss of dreams.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CRICKETING INCIDENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY LEW. OGDEN, OF QUEBEC.

DURING midsummer of last year, I was spending my vacation at a country residence of a friend of mine near Toronto, Canada West, and while there was introduced to a young man who was staying with my host, whom he styled Frank Wilton, and described him to me as a distant relation who had crossed the Atlantic to see all that was to be seen on our own continent. He was a very handsome young man, with black eyes and dark curly hair; he was also beautifully built, his broad shoulders and finely moulded form denoting both strength and agility. It was a little past six, on a fine summer evening, when the "lord of the manor" had just arrived from his business in town and threw down a copy of that day's *Globe* on the table, which I picked up, and was soon deep in the perusal of its contents. All on a sudden I observed to Frank—who was sitting on the opposite side of the table, smoking a Havana—that there was to be a grand cricket match at 10:30 the next morning in the city, between Upper Canada and the World, and as I was an enthusiastic cricketer, I would like to go in and handle the willow on behalf of the World, provided I would be allowed. But, by-the-bye, do you play the game? "I have played once or twice, and would like to help the World if they can't get an eleven without me," he answered. I then said that all was arranged, and that we should start early the next morning.

Accordingly I was up by daylight next morning, as I had to splice my favorite bat in time for the match. When I was through, I awoke my comrade, and we started for the ground. It was about ten o'clock when we arrived on the field, and about ten minutes afterward it was arranged that my friend and I should play, and at half-past ten, two of the Upper Canadians were at the wickets, and play had begun. But I had almost forgotten to observe that I had been selected Captain of the Worlds. As I have said, play had begun. Their batting was magnificent, and our fielding all that could be desired, especially Wilton's, who I had placed at "point," but in spite of our good fielding they ran up an alarming score, and when their last man was out—being beautifully caught by Frank—we had 248 to bat against on the first innings. I then sent in my men, but all we could do was to run 153, which left us 95 in a minority. I had sent Wilton in second to last, and he carried his bat out for 9. I saw that I had made a mistake in not sending him in earlier, but resolved on giving him a fair chance on the next day, having, by mutual consent, resolved to play the second innings then.

Accordingly, the next day (which in respect of weather was all that a cricketer could desire), at the appointed time, Upper Canada was again at the wickets. We had disposed of two of their number, but there were now in a slashing left-handed hitter and a young chap named Roberts, who were making the ball fly to all parts of the field except point, having seen that the young stranger was "some on his muscle."

It was now my over, and Frank stepped up to me and asked me to let him try an over and to field in his place, as he felt certain he could dispose of the "left-hander" in a ball or two. I said certainly, and anxiously watched the result. His first ball was beautifully delivered, and was as beautifully driven past my head with immense force, for which the hitter gained much applause; the next was carefully delivered, and was as carefully blocked. Just before the delivery of the next ball I glanced at Frank, and happening to catch his eye, he looked at me as much as to say, "I have him this time"—he then ran and delivered his ball. The batsman played carefully, but the ball just passed over the shoulder of the bat, sent the bails flying over the wicket-keeper's head, and "splendidly bowled!" might be heard shouted from all parts of the field. We then disposed of the rest for a very few runs, and when the score was announced, we found that we had to get 236 to win, they having made, in their second innings, 140.

I then went in with our wicket-keeper to give our men courage, and we made 48 before we were separated—I being run out; I then sent in an inferior player, who was quickly disposed of. I then sent in Frank, keeping two good batsmen to back him in case of the other getting out first. He and the wicket-keeper then began making runs alarmingly fast, and before they were separated we had only 70 to make to win, which were soon made after the loss of two more wickets, Frank carrying his bat out after having contributed 108 to the score, and the Worlds were declared the victors with five wickets to spare. On the way home that night, after congratulating him on his playing, I plainly told him that I thought he was a professional. "I won't deny it," he said, "I am Ned Grace." "What," I said. "England's greatest cricketer?" "The same," he answered. The talk of all Canada for weeks after was the match, and when it oozed out who the stranger was, Upper Canada was advised not to challenge the world while such cricketers as Grace were "knocking around."

FANCY SKATING.

THE following instructions on fancy skating are seasonable at this time of carnivals on ice, etc., and will therefore be read with interest by those who delight in this exhilarating exercise:—

1. The simplest figure which can be performed by two skaters is the Eight. The two skaters start each on his right foot; each passing on the right of the other makes a plain circle outward on the outside edge; when they meet at the end of their respective circle the same process is repeated on the left foot. The Three is done in precisely the same way, each skater turning, after performing about one-third of his circle on the outside forward, and finishing his stroke on the inside edge, backwards.

2. The first and easiest variation or enlargement of the simple Three is immediately after making the turn of the Three to drop the left [this figure is described as commencing on the right foot, and suppose it is so done throughout] foot, and continue on it on the outside backwards till you have reached the most distant part of your circle, from which point a Three upon the right foot brings you together again, just as if you had only done a simple Three, and ready to perform the same figure, commencing with the left foot.

3. The next variation is to proceed as above till you are on the outside edge backwards, when instead of making a Three as above, continue on the backward edge till you meet your partner, then make a Three upon the right foot, which brings you in position to commence the figure on the left foot.

4. The same as No. 3 till you meet upon the back edge, when instead of the Three on the right foot, make on it a circle on the outside edge backward. When you meet at the end of the circle you are ready for the left foot to do the same in turn.

5. Is both a prettier variation to witness, and an easier one to perform than No. 4. It is the same till after you have crossed each other, when instead of the complete circle on the outside backwards, make only a semicircle, and then a plain Three on the left foot brings you together again, but being on the left foot when you meet, it is necessary to insert another stroke upon the right foot to put you in position to commence the figure on the left. This stroke may be either a plain circle on the outside forward or a Three; or, as is frequently practised, No. 2 itself, or sometimes No. 2 only with a semicircle, or rather three-quarter circle on the outside forwards substituted for the Three, with which the part of each foot in that figure closes.

6. This is a variation which has only appeared of late years, and is, most probably, doomed to be shortlived, as it involves an ungraceful change to the inside edge forwards. As in No. 1, make a plain circle upon the outside forwards, and when you meet, shift, still on the same foot, from the outside to the inside edge forwards, from which turn as soon as possible on to the outside edge backwards, and come together either on a forward stroke or a Three, or continue on the back edge till you meet. In the former case a stroke must be inserted to bring you into position for the left foot's turn; if the latter, you are ready for the left when you meet. In making this figure it is, however, better not to start at once on the forward circle, but to commence as in No. 2, and bring in the stroke on the outside forward in place of the final Three in that figure. The skater should remember that a plain forward stroke upon the outside edge is the equivalent of a Three and *vice versa*. And the same holds good of No. 2, with the turn and drop on to the outside backwards, any number of times repeated. This repetition of the turn and drop we will call variety "a," and it applies to No. 2 and the subsequent figures. The skater will also remember that he can take any number of turns from forward edge outside to inside backwards, and again to outside forward, and so on, and his stroke is still a Three or a double Three, and equivalent in the figure to a plain outside forward stroke—so variety "a" is applicable to all the figures, and consists in substituting a double Three for a single one. It comes in best in Nos. 3 and 5, and in Nos. 2a and 3a. It is also effective in No. 6, made from the inside forwards to the outside backwards, and by those who have mastered the previous change of edge it will be found easy.

TALKING TO CHILDREN.—The Superintendent of a Sunday school was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made them during the previous session. "Children, what did Mr. Phoney tell you this morning?" No answer was made. "Can't anyone tell what he said? Susie, can't you remember?" Susie, a bright eyed little one of seven years, arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully lisped out, "Pleathe, thir, he talked, and he talked, and then he loved uth, and he talked [illegible] all that, he was going to thay something' but he

THE RING.

Exciting Pugilistic Contest

BETWEEN

PATSEY FOY, OF THE EMERALD ISLE, AND HARRY COOPER, OF MERRY ENGLAND,

NEAR VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA TERRITORY, JANUARY 17TH, 1865.

FOY THE VICTOR IN SIXTY-FOUR ROUNDS, TWO HOURS AND TWENTY-EIGHT MINUTES.

THE middle of January was ushered in by our friends of the Pacific coast by a downright merry mill between Patsy Foy and Harry Cooper, for a purse, and to the praise of the Virginians be it said, the best man won; the fight was fought out without any growling or interference on either side, and everything went off like clock work, which is more than we can say of many of the matches made in this part of Uncle Sam's domain.

The principals in the present instance are not altogether unknown to fame, as Foy, no later than the 6th of last August, made Bill Blackwood lower his flag in 24 rounds, for $1000, which he pocketed as his gains. Speaking of Blackwood (not the magazine, but the man) we are reminded of an incident which occurred at his fight with Tracey, Jan. 3, 1861, at Storm's Ranch, Cal., which we herewith reproduce to show that William M. Davis, the Californian, is as full of patriotism as he is of pluck. When Tracey took his position in the corner, with his trainer and second, the aforesaid Davis, an American flag was tied to his stake, upon the sight of which, Blackwood, in a tone of voice to be distinctly understood by all, said, "I will take down those colors mighty quick." Here Davis, in his usual earnest, manly style, replied, that "such a threat had often been made, but they had never been taken down yet!" which, as might naturally be supposed, was received with the most vociferous applause, and, need we add, they were not "taken down," as Tracey came out a gallant winner [this is the same Davis who is at present matched with Jim Dunn.] In his contest with Frank Bradley, Foy was not so successful, as Frank, in the same year, disposed of him in 91 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 53 minutes. Foy was born in Ballynagh, county Mayo, Ireland, and is 25 years of age. His weight was 150 lbs., he seemed in good fighting order, and, says a Virginian contemporary, "looked as unprepossessing as a man very well could—unless he tried hard. From the appearance of his nose he had evidently 'been thar' at some previous time, as there is quite a respectable canon across the bridge of that organ, besides other less noticeable indentations."

Cooper is an Englishman, about 30 years of age, and weighed 143 lbs. We have no record of his having performed other than with a Britisher who is "tabooed" in these columns, who licked him. Alongside of Foy he looked somewhat diminutive, and is described as a trim, neat-looking little fellow who ought to be in a better business.

Soon after 1 o'clock the men made their appearance on the ground, Foy being the first to spring over the ropes, followed by his seconds Frank Bradley and Hugh Kelly. Cooper was not long after his opponent, attended by Jim Carter and Billy Gardner as seconds, with Billy Hickey as umpire. Tom Daley, whom Bill Davis walloped on the 31st of May, 1862, in a canter in 54 rounds and 47 minutes—less than half-minute time—was umpire for Foy, and our old friend, Harry Gribbin, selected as referee. As the only compensation which the fighters themselves were to have—that is to say, the winning man—was what money could be collected on the occasion, a contribution was called for, which resulted in some $150 being tossed into the ring, from which was taken $45 to defray the expenses of materials and labor in preparing the ring, &c., leaving a purse of $105 for the victor. The colors of the combatants were, green for Foy, purple for Cooper. Foy's second fortunately won the toss for corners, which was a great advantage, as he took the westerly corner, leaving the sun to shine full blaze in the optics of Master Cooper. At 2 o'clock everything was ready, and about that time commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men confronted each other, they looked calm and collected, although a slight expression of anxiety rested on the countenance of each, as he stole an occasional furtive glance at the man with whom he so soon was to engage in fistic combat. Foy was evidently the favorite, bets being freely offered on him, many of which were taken by the friends of Cooper. The round commenced with cautious sparring on both sides, each evidently "feeling" his opponent. Cooper let go his right, which took effect on Foy's mouth. *First blood for Cooper.* Patsey returned with interest on the chest of his antagonist, but after one or two exchanged blows, Patsey was thrown heavily to the sage-brush.

2. Cooper fought Patsey in his own corner; considerable science being displayed on both sides, resulting in Patsey being again sent to mother earth. Great cheering from the friends of Cooper.

3. was short and sweet, heavy blows being mutually received on the ribs, and ended in Patsey getting in one straight from the shoulder, taking effect full on Cooper's right blinker, sending him heavily to gravel.

4. Cooper used his left with terrible effect on Patsey, who seemed unable to stop the blows or return them, but continued hammering away at Harry's ribs; Foy bled copiously, and his lips began to thicken, while the other only showed a slight scratch over the right eye; at last Foy handed him one under the ear, and knocked him off his pins; *first knock down for Foy.*

5. Cooper gives Patsey a nasty blow on smeller, and the claret flies. Close—Patsey down. Cooper gay.

6. The boys came up smiling—Harry cool and collected, while his antagonist seemed worried. Foy felt for Harry's ribs again, but was cleverly stopped and countered, getting the return on the left breast. After a few passes more, Foy sent home a terrific left-hander and Cooper went down.

7. In this round Foy suddenly improved, and used his left with telling emphasis; Cooper dashed out with his right, which was handsomely stopped by Patsey's bugle, and Patsey closed his right eye with a furious left-hander. This was the severest round of all, particularly for Cooper, who up to this time had scarcely shown a scratch.

8. Cooper came up with his left eye closed; Foy bleeding like a stuck pig. Considerable skirmishing, when Foy got in a terrible right hander on Cooper's nose; close—heavy struggle in the corner, and Foy went down.

9. Harry led off with a well-intended but short left-hander for Foy's mouth, and in return got a smack on the ribs; some fainting and short passes, when Harry "raised" Foy on the chin and nose; Foy stood the "raise" like a man, and gathered Harry to his bosom in loving embrace, when ensued some heavy half-arm blows on both sides; a short tussle and Harry sought mother earth once more, Patsey falling hard upon him. This round lasted 19 minutes.

10. Both men began to shew fatigue and sparred cautiously; Harry changed his tactics and sent home two terrific blows on Patsey's ribs; Patsey struck out savagely, and Harry went down in attempting to get away.

11. On time being called, both came up promptly, looking very wicked. Cooper led with a heavy rib-smasher; Foy cautious; Cooper came again with a left-hander on Foy's potatoe-trap; heavy exchange of blows; fighting all over the ring and in every corner; Foy got in a terrible body blow, when Cooper made a savage rush; rally and Foy down.

12. Foy led off with his right, evidently intending to kiss Harry's cheek "for his mother," but Harry avoided the gentle caress by a duck of his head, and at the same time came back with both right and left, getting in slightly, when Foy fought him to the ropes and both went down.

13. The men now looked like Indians painted for the war-path—smeared with blood from the head to the middle; Patsey sent in a stinger, and Harry got angry and knocked him down; loud shouts for Cooper.

14. Both came to time looking confident. Cooper's face looking like a rare beefsteak, and Foy's lips like German sausages. Cries of "Go in, Patsey!" Patsey burlesqued a smile, went in, got a nasty paster on the nose, and returned the compliment on Cooper's bread-basket. Cooper down to avoid further punishment.

15. This round was very short; Foy opened both batteries full in the face of Harry, sending him to a "change of base."

16. Harry struck another heavy body-blow, and got a return on the face; after a few slight exchanges, Harry pushed Patsey against the ropes, when Patsey went down to avoid punishment.

17. "Time"—both to the scratch; Cooper forced the fighting in Foy's corner; heavy exchange of blows, and Foy went down to save himself. Cries of "foul" from Cosper's friends, but the referee decided that the fight should proceed.

18. Harry's left hand swollen badly, but nothing daunted, he crowded Foy into his corner, where some beautiful sparring took place; feinting for wind and blood-spitting was now the order until Foy was "pushed to the wall," when they clinched and fell—Foy under.

19. Cooper looked wicked and acted so; some heavy exchanges were had about the head and face, when Patsey pressed Harry against the ropes and got him in chancery, but Harry slipped to his knees without injury.

20. The boys came to time looking lively and game; a little sparring for wind; Cooper got in heavily on Foy's mouth, and received an ugly counter on the ribs; more cautious manœuvering, and some lively fighting, Foy closing the round by knocking Cooper through the ropes.

21. Harry had recovered his second wind, and appeared nearly as fresh as in the first round, excepting his swollen hand and closed eye, while his opponent seemed wearied and nervous, which looked well for Harry, after having been driven under the ropes in the former round.

22. Cautious and prolonged sparring; Harry got in two heavy blows on Patsey's nose and one on his body, and went down to avoid a return.

23. Patsey short with his left; Harry returned with a heavy right-hander on the ribs; fighting in Foy's corner; Cooper down.

24. Patsey's left eye began to show bad usage, and Harry, not forgetting that he has been there before, "moved upon his works" with his left and got in square on Patsey's brow, receiving on his already discolored frame-supporters a terrific blow; Harry let fly again and Patsey stopped it with his neck; they closed, hit at half-arm, and Harry fell to avoid punishment.

25. After a few slight exchanges the men clinched and Harry was thrown, Patsey falling heavily on him, and lying there until his seconds took him off.

26. Plenty of energy left in both but they fought very cautiously; sparring for wind, a close without a blow; struggle at the ropes, a hog fall.

27. On time being called, one hour and thirty-five minutes had passed since the fight began, and again their forms stood at the centre; Harry felt for Patsey as a starter and reached his forehead heavily with his left, causing a slight "carnation" to overspread his brow; some sharp hitting ensued on both sides, Harry getting "home" and Patsey following, where a few exchanges were had right and left, and both fell to the ropes and went down together.

28. Patsey got in a heavy body blow, when Harry countered on his nose and knocked him down.

29 This round was very lively; as soon as Foy got within striking distance he drove a crushing right-hander into Cooper's frontispiece and knocked him clean into his corner. Cooper recovered and fought savagely across the ring and went down in Foy's corner.

30. Was fought with great energy and determination on the part of both, but no hard hitting on either side; Harry closed in and threw Patsey heavily.

From this to round 50th, the rounds were generally shorter and more spirited; both men were clearly as plucky as could be desired by their best friends, but Cooper, although as game a little fellow as ever stepped into the ring, was knocked or fell down at the conclusion of most of the rounds and once he was knocked clear through the ropes. Foy was, however, about as badly punished as Cooper, his left daylight being completely closed, and his forehead presenting a terrible appearance.

50. Was well contested, and Cooper got in a heavy blow pretty low down on Patsey's ribs, which was considered "foul," but it was decided to let the fight go on. Both men were evidently becoming tired, especially Cooper, who now at the conclusion of nearly every round went down, in fact, laid down; Patsey frequently falling full upon his (Cooper's) head and face. Heavy odds were offered in favor of Foy, with no takers, and the rounds were generally short, and the fighting rather wild, until

64 and last. Both came to the scratch in time, but after a few random passes Cooper was again knocked down, and not being considered in condition to come to time again, the sponge was thrown up by his seconds, and Patsey Foy declared the victor, they having fought 64 rounds in two hours and twenty-eight minutes. Both men were badly disfigured, and Cooper's right hand fearfully swollen.

DEATH OF AN OLD NEW YORK SPORT.—Bernard Hagan, Foreman of Broderick Engine Co. No. 1, of San Francisco, Cal., died in that city on Monday, Jan. 16, from the rupture of a blood vessel near the heart. His was truly a case where life was sacrificed to the profession of a fireman. He contracted a violent cold at a fire on Washington street, which settled upon his lungs and brought on severe coughing, during a paroxysm of which he died. He was at his own residence at the time, surrounded by his family. Hagan was one of the most energetic members of the Fire Department, and an exempt one, and as the Foreman of No. 1, always on hand for duty. He was universally respected and esteemed, and beloved for his generous nature. He leaves a family, consisting of a wife and four children, the eldest but seven years of age. His funeral was largely attended by the Company of which he was Foreman, the Exempts, and the Department generally. A number of the Chinese merchants, whose places of business are in the neighborhood of Broderick 1, attended the funeral. Hagan was as brave as he was generous. He fought all through the Mexican war, being attached to the Company of which Chief Dave Scannell was an officer, and was severely wounded, his right arm being badly shattered. For his bravery he received a splendid silver medal from the Common Council of the City of New York.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN (Where?)—Your last 4 move, White K at Q 5th, Black K at his Kt 5th, 21 pieces and pawns altogether, is faulty to a large-sized extent, as at the 3d move Black may play Q to her 3d, *or* K Kt to Q B 3d, mate! Your 3d move given to White is impossible; take another good look at the P's on Black's 3d rank.

A. E. PATCH, Bangor.—Instead of "*form*," in our previous notice to you, read former; i. e. the last word of the motto.

CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The West Philadelphia Chess Club is carrying on a tournament, a handsome set of chessmen being the prize contested for, the organization and spirit of which are highly commended by our Philadelphia exchanges.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Mr. J. Sisson, a Chess amateur, who, during half a century, devoted much of his leisure to the practice of the game; he was a nephew of the famous English Chess writer, Sarratt, and therefore might be considered as one of the links connecting our present school with that of the last century; he expired Jan. 21st, at an advanced age, after a short illness.

Enigma No. 469.

THIS is the problem (Nov. '60) we mentioned last week as still being the subject of correspondence. At the time of its publication Harr Loewenthal endorsed it with the following singularly flattering introduction:—"The following exquisite position is the composition of one whose productions are ever highly appreciated. In this position there is a combination of all the branches of the art requisite for producing a fine problem."

From the Era.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

at Q B 6, K B 3, K 3, K R 6th.

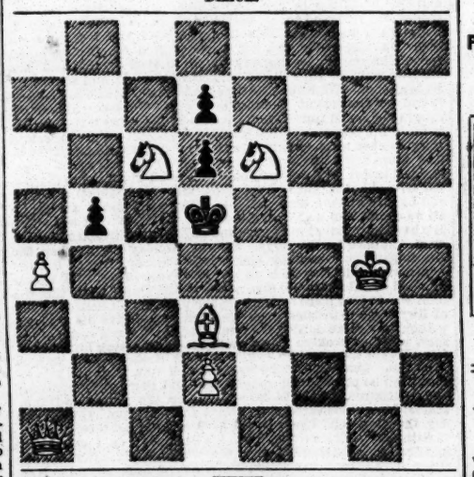
at his 4, Q Kt 8, K 2, K Kt sq, Q Kt 5, Q B 4, Q 6, K B 3d, and a Black Pawn at K Kt 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 469.

BY R. H. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 469.

Recently contested in the New York C. C., between our contributor, Wm. Johnston, and Mr. Zerega.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Mr. Johnston.	Defence, Mr. Zerega.	Attack, Mr. Johnston.	Defence, Mr. Zerega.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	21..Q R to K sq	P to K B 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	22..Q Kt-K 4	P-K B 4
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	23..Q Kt-Q 2	K R-Kt sq
4..Castles (a)	P-Q 3	24..Q R-K 2	P-Q B 3 (c)
5..P-Q B 3 (b)	K Kt-B 3	25..P-K B 3	Q R-his 5
6..P-Q 4	K B-Kt 3	26..Kt-K B 3	P-K 5 (f)
7..Q P P	Q P × P	27..Kt × B P	K R-Kt 4
8..Q × Q +	K × Q (c)	28..P-Q Kt 3	Q R-his 4
9..Q B-Kt 5 (d)	K-his 2	29..P-Q B 4	Q R-K 4
10..K B-Kt 5	P-K R 3	30..K-his R 2	K B-Q sq
11..Q B Kt	Kt P B	31..P-K Kt 3	K R-Kt sq
12..Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-Q 2	32..Kt-Kt 2	B-K Kt 4
13..K Kt-E 4	Q R-K Kt sq	33..Kt-B 4 +	K-Q 3 (g)
14..K B × Kt	Q B × B	34..K R-Q sq +	K-Q B 4
15..K Kt-B 5 +	K-his 3	35..Q Kt-Q 3 +	K P × Kt
16..K-his B sq	Q B × P	36..Q R × B +	K-Q 5
17..Q Kt × B	K × K Kt	37..R × B P	K-Q B 6
17½..Kt-K Kt 3	K-his 3 (*)	38..R-K B 3	K-Q B 7
18..Q R-Q sq	P-K B 4	39..K R × P, and the Defence resigned.	
19..P-K B 4	Q R-Kt 5		
20..B P × P	B 2d P × P		

(a) There is a highly interesting series of games at this variation of the "Giuoco Piano" in Lange's *Sammlung Neuer Schachpartien*, p. 60, *et seq.* See *Handbook*, p. 115, game 14th.

(b) More vigorous and brilliant, if less sound, are Lange's favorite methods of procedure, either to form a Centre Gambit of the opening by P to Q 4th at once, or make an "Evans" of it—this latter being especially feasible if the Defence replies with K Kt to B 3d.

(c) Deprived of castling, it is true, but from this point almost to the end, both the game and play of the Defence is superior. We should have preferred K P P at the 6th move.

(d) Some more efficient move here, and subsequent use for this Bishop should have been found.

(e) The best route to secure the effective co-operation of the doughty churchman in advancing the Pawns.

(f) Marching on to probable victory.

(g) Thinking to win by force, by this and the next move he unadvisedly sacrifices the exchange.

(*) A conjectural interpolation we were compelled to sup

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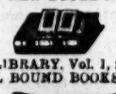

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City Summary.

MONDAY, February 27, 1865.

BELOVED FRIENDS: When we sit down to write this article for your enlightenment, amusement, and general benefit, we know no more what we are going to say than the solitary inhabitant of yon lunar planet which lights the world when the brilliant orb of day has descended into the depths of far-offedness and immensity of space. Some of our useless and unappreciative readers may be saying as they read this—"Well, it wouldn't do any hurt if you kept on not knowing what to say; your readers would be the gainers by it." To such we say, more in sorrow than in anger, "your ignorance is only equalled by your stupidity;" and as we refuse to permit the discussion to continue any further, see how quickly we dispose of our assailants. No, friends, when we take our pen in hand to inform you that we are well, and hope these few lines may find you the same, we have no idea what we shall say to you to give you pleasure, and make you forget the scolding wife and ferocious children that torture you at home; but, as it is with all great minds, we merely dip our pen into the inky crucible, conduct the colored fluid to the snow-white paper spread so invitingly before us, and straightway gems of thought, and brilliant ideas, and funny jokes, and scraps of poetry drop from the ends of our fingers, and flow along the lines like the gentle waters of sweet Afton, or the first gushings of oil from a newly stricken well. The ideas come so thick and so fast that we have no time to separate the crude from the refined, or, to select any particular subject upon which to concentrate our genius; so they become mixed, and they mingle together, and the good seasons the bad, and a savory dish is the result of this unintentional miscegenation. If we were to stop to think, we should never get along. The other day we saw an advertisement that a silver goblet—silver goblets are manufactured for just such purposes—was to be given for the best conundrum. We *wanted* a silver goblet, so we thought we'd think over some good thing, and sail in for the valuable prize. For three days did we endeavor to originate "something that would astonish the world," but each and every day was our full purpose checked, each day did a slight reverse attend our well-meant efforts. At last we cried "Eureka"—a foreign word which signifies "I've got it"—and threw up our Jim's bran new hat as an evidence of our enthusiasm and exuberance of feeling. We spent ten dollars for tickets for a party of fellows we know to attend the entertainment, and back up our conundrum; and would you believe it, the boss of the concern never as much as *read* what had cost us ten dollars and three days of intellectual toil and trouble. Our friends wanted to tear the shanty out, but we got them to refrain. When we spoke to the exhibition man about the matter, he said—"My dear sir, the goblet was not offered for the *worst* conundrum, but for the best." Now, friends, we will let you judge of the merits of the work of three days mental calculation. Our conundrum was as follows:—"Why is the cruel war like the silver goblet dodge?" Answer: "Because its pretty well played out." And thus it is when we stop to think, we're like a ship at sea in a fog; when we let our pen talk, all is calm, and clear sailing, and brilliant scintillations illuminate our sea of thought. A gentleman called upon us the other day, and in the course of his remarks, he said—"Frank"—our friends only call us Mr. Editor, in the paper—"Frank," says he, "you were a trifle heavy on Fanny Herring, but I guess you're about right, after all." "Yes," we replied, "Fanny went back on the Yankee boys, and we gave her a gentle reminder. Fanny most certainly belongs down South." "Why?" inquired our friend. "Because she's one of the 'erring sisters,'" we immediately replied. We never heard a man laugh so hearty as that man laughed at our pun, and we know the thing took; and yet that was an off hand squib, made on the spur of the moment. "You're a trump," remarked the gentleman, as soon as he could desist from laughing. "You're wrong sir; this *club* is the trump here," we instantly responded, as we seized a 40 pounder presented to us by Kehoe, and which doesn't fit us pretty good. Again the man laughed, and again we felt convinced that "it" took. A lady visited us in our sanctum a few days since, and told us a sad tale of suffering in which an actor and an actress were the *dramatis personæ*. The narration at once brought to our recollection the circumstance of an actor who has children grown, but who, recently, was caught in *flagrante delicto* with a young woman, by his own wife; instead of cutting him off, and throwing him upon his own resources, the wife (a well-known actress) made him renew the marriage pledge, and the marriage ceremony was actually performed as though it had never been performed before. The young woman, who thought she had a prior claim on the gentleman, was thus left out in the cold again. This is a true story, and, it is to be hoped, *not* to be continued. Our lady visitor said she had heard enough. An agent for a traveling show tumbled in upon us the day after the anniversary of Washington's birth day, and said we'd oblige him by writing a couple of lines of original poetry with which to commence a "dodger gag." In an incredibly short space of time we handed him the following:

Come all my partners in distress, come listen to my song,
'Tis of a bully circus show, it wont detain you long.

The agent *seemed* satisfied, but we have not learned whether he finished the gag or not; we guess he didn't. Wrapped in thought and a big overcoat one day when our Jim unceremoniously permitted the fire to go out, we inadvertantly fell into a doze, and we dreamed a dream; and though we have endeavored by every legitimate means in our power to remember the subject of our dream, we have never succeeded. Our readers have, thereby, missed a rich treat. Why, friends, we actually *forget* more jokes than most professional humorists know! We were waited upon by a tragedian, a day or two since, who had some lands in New Jersey for sale. He wanted to get up an oil company; says he, "I've sprinkled two or three barrels of oil over the land, but the d——d thing wont take!" Our advice is sought after by everybody. A correspondent wants to know where John Wilkes Booth is. We reply that he has gone to the oil region to see the player's *soul* bestowed. You see we are never at loss for a well-fitting reply. A manager about to build a new theatre applied to us for an original motto to be placed over the proscenium. "We hold the mirror up to nature," was our instantaneous response. A person who was anxious to write for the CLIPPER asked us what line of conduct he should observe. "Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," we replied. We subsequently ascertained that he didn't exactly set down aught in malice, but he was blackmailing the *ballet* girls and poor players. We took Gen. Dix's advice, and "discharged him on the spot." The strangest part of it was, the correspondent didn't feel the least put out about being so suddenly put out. And so we might go on. Hundreds call upon us *for* advice; thousands give us advice; we make jokes for the million, we write pathetic ballads for the sighing lover, we indite taking heads for posters, and originate gags for clowns and end-men. Nothing is beyond our scope. Our versatility is as boundless as the sea, and our modesty as great as the confines of the Confederacy. And having thus let you into our sanctum, and shown you how we sot our parts, we will now let you into the theatres, and let you judge how others act *their* parts.

JOHN OWENS gave us "Forty Winks" at the Broadway Theatre, on Monday evening, Feb. 20th, but the house was so crowded that we "couldn't see it." Next time, like professional freemen at the election polls, we went early and often, and *did* see it. Mr. Owens appeared as Horatio Spruggins, in the "Winks" piece, and made the people laugh like forty. It was a perfect carnival of merriment from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. John's rendition of the old button-maker, who endeavors to swindle the landlady out of the price of a bed, is almost equal to his Solon Shingle, and will, no doubt, become as great a favorite with the New York public. "Forty Winks" is one of those nonsensical, ridiculous pieces which always take with the majority of play-goers, and it will probably have a long run at the Broadway. Mr. Owens did not make a very favorable impression with his "Toodles," which is also a part of the present programme. Just as we compare all other "Shingles" with John Owens "Shingle," so we contrast all other "Toodles" with the lamented Burton's "Toodles," and "all others" suffer in the comparison. Burton made Toodles what it was, and it is natural that we should judge every one who comes after him by the same high standard. The audience which laughed heartily at the scrapes of Horatio Spruggins, almost wept over the efforts of Owens' Toodles. Mr. Owens cannot act Toodles, for the very reason that Toodles is not suited to the capabilities of Mr. Owens. Toodles is the type of a peculiar class of people, and it requires one who can thoroughly appreciate it in all its details to make it acceptable in the eyes of men. The programme has drawn excellent houses, and will be repeated this week.

"THE FORCE OF DESTINY," a new opera by Verdi, was produced for the first time at the New York Academy of Music on Friday evening, February 24th, and was well received. This new opera is said to beat every lyric drama yet produced, in its sensation and melo-dramatic features. The subjoined plot of the opera, given in "our own" style, goes to prove this: The first act opens with a love scene between Don Alvaro, a gay and festive Spanish youth, and Donna Leonora, a lady of high degree, and this couple are plotting to overcome the opposition of the lady's pa, who has high notions, and wont let his daughter marry into any but the "first families." The "young 'uns" finally agree to become partners for life, and are about arranging things so as to euchre the old man, when Leonora, before she "goes it alone," wishes to have one look at her pa; she is about to visit him when he puts in a very unwelcome appearance, catches the couple where their hair is short, and puts his foot down flat against their union. In the course of this exciting interview, the old gentleman is disposed of by an accidental shot from Alvaro's pistol, and the act closes with a decidedly "impressive tableau." The second act introduces the brother of Leonora to the audience, who, like all Spanish brothers under such circumstances, is "burning with revenge" for his father's murder, and wants to find the "dastard outlaw," Alvaro. In order to come upon him unawares, Don Carlo, the brother, disguises himself as a student, and he is on a reconnoissance when he is met by Alvaro, also disguised as a muleteer, and Leonora, who travels as a peasant boy. While all are together, Don Carlo tells the crowd in a song all about his father's murder, and then it is that the disguised lovers ascertain that the dreaded brother is present, and they very soon vamose the ranch. Leonora proceeds to a monastery, where she discloses herself to the abbot, who puts her in a lonely cave, and Alvaro goes off to the wars. In the third act, Alvaro and Carlo meet each other in the army, both in disguise, and both ignorant of who the other really is; and Alvaro happening to save Carlo's life at the risk of his own, a friendship springs up between them which is not of long duration, as Carlo, through the medium of some private papers which Alvaro entrusts to him, discovers who his friend is; his revengeful feelings at once predominate, and he is sorry Alvaro died—for he supposed he had kicked the bucket—before he took satisfaction out of him. Afterwards, however, he learns that he has recovered, and he at once prepares to go in and win when they next meet, which they shortly do, a duel ending the act, when Alvaro retires, thinking he had finished Carlo's business for him; but he hadn't, as the 4th act shows, for they afterwards have another fight, and this time Carlo is obliged to throw up the sponge; Alvaro apparently doesn't want the belt or Leonora, for he scorns to live, stabs Leonora, finally jumps off a high precipice to the tune of "Villikins and his Dinah," which the monks sing by way of a "morial" to this Spanish story. It will thus be seen that there are in this decidedly Bowery blood-and-thunder play no less than three murders, two duels, a homicide and a suicide, all in four acts, with lots of songs given in.

NOT only is the "Gyges" an invisible individual, but last week he proved decidedly refractory, and did not appear to disappear at the time announced; but, kicking in the traces at an inopportune moment, dislocated some of the invisible machinery, and thus all traces of the Gyges were lost for the time being, much to Mr. Heller's mortification, and Hingston's sententious disgust. We have been informed, however, that the new sensation was tried on Friday evening, Feb. 24th, and went off with a certain degree of *eclat*. This week we shall look in at Heller's Salle Diabolique, where the "Gyges" is expected to show in the substance as well as in the shadow in "ita" true form, and in excellent condition. In our next, therefore, we will tell our readers all about it.

SAILED.—Miss Avonia Jones sailed for New Orleans, from this port, on Saturday, Feb. 25th, in the Morning Star. She is to be the Evening Star at one of the theatres in the Crescent City.

THE SENSATIONAL sketch written by Charles Gaylor for Wood's Minstrels will not be produced until Monday evening next. It was the intention to bring it forward this week, but the new scenery, machinery, &c., necessary for its proper development, not being completed, a postponement was rendered necessary. We have made a geological survey of the fee simple of this piece, and beg to announce that we have found certain indications of oil which promise a great yield when the flow once commences. ..... This week, a programme of great variety is offered, including burlesque acts, Nigger airs, ballads, &c. Those of our fellow citizens who have never seen a live drafted man, can have their curiosity gratified by visiting Wood's Minstrels, as Mr. Lockwood, the ballad singer, was drawn from the wheel in Brooklyn last week; he sings a good song, but his physique is not such as will enable him to march a thousand miles as our veterans are doing now-a-days, in their peregrinations through the Southern slope.

TALKING of drafted men, we have learned, on the authority of a deserter from the other side of the East River, that Mr. Charles Gaylor, dramatist, was drafted last week, in Brooklyn. He will probably write himself out of it before he goes any further.

PRETTY TALK.—We thought we were about the best in getting up nice little paragraphs about the girls, etc., but our friends who do the bills for the Winter Garden threw us in the shade last week, in writing up an ad. about the *matinees* at that house. Says our fellow scribbler: "As it is impossible to find a nestling spot for every drop in the Niagara of beauty which descends upon the Winter Garden at these matinees, and no number of officials are able, at all times, to control the sweet violence with which ladies enforce their will, Mr. Stuart desires to state that any lady in any way dissatisfied can either have her ticket endorsed for the following Saturday's matinee, or any evening performance, as she may please." We cannot see what connection there can be between the ladies and Niagara, except it be their "water-falls," the present favorite style of wearing the hair among the softer sex.

THE DRESS of Miss Ione Burke caught fire from the footlights on the evening of Feb. 21st, while the lady was performing in "High Life Below Stairs," on the occasion of Mr. Fisher's benefit at Wallack's. Ione, who was fortunate to see it in time, put out the fire without raising any alarm.

IN A FEW short weeks, that which we have known so well shall probably be known to us no more forever, for on the 18th of March Van Amburgh's Menagerie will close its intercourse with us, never, probably to visit us again. Let us, therefore, attend this great exhibition while we have the opportunity, for it is one of the most instructive shows ever brought to our notice. Parents should take their children to the Menagerie, and point out to them in the flesh, those animals which heretofore they may have only seen in the picture books, and in which books they may not repose confidence, except so far as relates to the account of "the lion and the unicorn a fighting for the crown." But three weeks more, and then good bye, ferocious and untamable beasts.

UGH! LIVE INGIN! Big Thing. Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels in the Bowery. Extraordinariest scalping on record. Why *will* the white man follow his path, unless it be to see a really clever entertainment of Niggar and Ingin eccentricities as shown by the above named band of minstrels? Nixcumarsus! letusallgosecethelivinjin. Cui bono? Yes!

"CAMILLE," that fair but frail piece of human ingenuity, is to be the card at Niblo's Garden this week, with Miss Davenport in the leading *role*, which she plays with such vim and life-like assurance. This piece will draw, for talk as much as we may against the "illegitimate drama," or such pieces as "Camille," nothing will attract greater crowds. Announce a play with a courtesan, or a runaway and false wife for its heroine, and the women folks will attend the performance in droves. It seems to us that the lovely sex delight in pictures of fallen woman. It is not so on the stage alone, but in real life. Let a woman make but one false step, and her own sex will proclaim it to the world faster than a ten cylinder press could send it abroad. They forgive the man who may have deceived and ruined her, but they will never, NEVER let up on the poor woman. Just you go to Niblo's this week, and notice how the ladies crowd in..... Since our last, Miss Davenport has appeared in a number of well-known pieces, aided by Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Pope, etc., and the lady has been more closely criticised than she was during her opening week; *then*, a sort of sympathy softened the critic's pen; *now*, she takes her chances with the rest. Miss D. closes her engagement on the 4th, giving place to the German tragedian, Bandmann.

MISS HENRIQUEZ attempted Julia, in the "Hunchback," for her benefit at Wallack's, on the 24th Feb. If flowers are a criterion of success, then the lady's Julia was immense, for the stage at one time looked like a garden, being almost covered with the floral offerings of her admirers. Otherwise, the performance was a failure, and will not, probably, be attempted again.

THE SUM of one thousand dollars is supposed to have been paid by Mr. Barnum for the play called "The Workmen of New York," now running at the Museum. For that price, it ought to be a good play. The tone is moral, and therefore well adapted to the Museum audiences; its situations are exciting, almost as exciting, in fact, as some of the situations which occur on the great high way of travel in front of the Museum; its incidents are many and fearful, and the "donyoumong," as they say in French, is impressive and interesting—the whole pointing a moral which thousands of our fellow citizens may profit by; the people who personate the "Workmen of New York" are kept at work night and day, the piece being given both afternoon and evening at the Museum..... In the curiosity department a person may spend several days, and get a knowledge of many things at a very trifling cost. In truth, as they say at the South, the Museum "is a blessing in disguise."

THE WILL of the late James W. Wallack was admitted to probate, before Surrogate Tucker, on the 24th Feb. The principal provisions of the will are as follows:—To his eldest son, Mr. John Lester Wallack, the testator bequeaths the lease, fixtures, properties, &c., of the theatre known as Wallack's Theatre, in this city, situated at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street. This bequest is, however, subject to the continuous payment of £5 sterling per week to the testator's second son, Capt. Henry Wallack, of the British army. To Capt. Wallack he has bequeathed half his plate and the rents, incomes, and profits of his house in Fourteenth street. His estates at Long Branch are to go to Mr. J. Lester Wallack, and his money, bank stock, &c., are to be equally divided between Capt. Henry Wallack and his brother, J. Lester Wallack.

MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON and Yankee Locke gave us one full week of merriment at the New Bowery, closing on the 25th, other engagements preventing a continuance of their laughable performances in this city. Mr. Locke is a capital delineator of Yankee character; in fact, we know of none better at the present time. Mrs. Leighton is as full of life and vivacity as ever, and holds her own in a physical point of view. This merry couple open in Alexandria, Va., to-night, Feb. 27th.

J. B. HOWE has been released from durance vile, and is probably ere this on his way to England. How Howe got off we don't know.

ANOTHER brilliant audience found a "nestling spot" at Winter Garden on Saturday afternoon last, on the occasion of the second "Hamlet" *matinee*. There was no end to the girls—blondes, brunettes, octoroons, Ingins, all were represented; there were girls in the captivating little turbans, in the tantalising jockeys, and ladies in stove-pipe bonnets and capeless hats, all criticising Edwin Booth's flowing locks, melancholy cast of countenance, and each other's dresses. What an amount of scandal and gossip that crowd of loveliness has been guilty of no one can tell; but it's fearful! N. B.—To prevent disappointment, it must be borne in mind that when "Hamlet" is produced in the afternoon, it is not given in the evening. It would be too much for the "strength of the company."

WE ARE to have a "Hamlet" on the east side of the town this evening, Mr. G. L. Boniface enacting the *role* for the commencement of his engagement at the New Bowery Theatre. Miss Kate Newton is the Ophelia. Mr. Boniface and Miss Newton, who are great favorites in this city, have for several months past been performing star engagements in the Western country and elsewhere; their return to New York will be a source of gratification to their numerous admirers here. They will appear in several of their most popular characters during the week.

ALL IS LOVELY and the goose is suspended at a considerable elevation at the Olympic, consequent upon the continued success of "The Streets of New York," now in its, we forget how many nights representation. The company are pretty well up in their parts by this time; in fact each one is "up" in the entire play, and could play any other part, as far as the words go, as well as his or her own. The fire burns as brightly as ever; the snow falls as gently; the young man still crouches beneath the drug store window; the boot black and the news boy continue their dialogue; Puffy sells hot potatoes—which is a feature of London and not of New York street life; Tom Badger is everything as occasion demands; the Fairweather family all meet in foul weather up by Union Square, totally unconscious of each other's presence; the fire laddie comes from a great distance, but is first at the fire as usual; to sum it all up, the mess of improbabilities pleases the Bowery mightily, and fills the manager's cash boxes nightly.

"OLD DAME TROT and Her Comical Cat" every night and Saturday afternoon at the Old Bowery. That tells the tale of big houses and delighted patrons. The pantomime is one of Manager Fox's greatest successes.

MATINEES are increasing. This week *matinees* are to be given on Saturday at the Winter Garden, Broadway Theatre, Old Bowery, Academy of Music; every day at Barnum's; Wednesday and Saturday at the Hippotheatron, and Heller's Salle Diabolique; and Varieties on Wednesday. The *matinee* at the Broadway introduces us to "Solon Shingle" once more. Now let Mrs. Wood give us "The Streets of New York" *matinee*. These day performances are certainly growing in popularity.

JUST AS "Old Dame Trot" draws crowds at the Old Bowery, so does the other old dame, "Mother Goose," attract great gatherings at the Hippotheatron, in Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy, and with which musical institution the Hippotheatron divides the honors in that vicinity. It should be remembered that in addition to a well-devised and well-performed pantomime, the troupe at this establishment give a variety of extraordinary ring performances, including feats in riding, gymnastics, etc.

MESSRS. POOLE AND DONNELLY enter upon the second week of their management of the Varieties under better auspices, and will be assisted in their entertainments by several new people, including an "Ethiopian Congress" embracing the following members, viz.: J. T. Boyce, C. L. Dunham, Larry Tooley, Tom Briggs, and Joe Howe. Mr. Robert Butler, Miss Amelia Wells, and Miss Blanche Stanley are also engaged.

MANAGER BUTLER gives his patrons a rare bill of attractions at 444 this week, and will introduce his great *ballet corps* in a variety of those terpsichorean evolutions which have helped to make the American so popular..... A new pantomime, called "The Conjurer's Gift," is in rehearsal at this house. It will be produced in the best style.

A NEW CANDIDATE for public favor comes before us this evening, at Dodworth Hall, and, if western reports speak truly, he ought to succeed. Mr. Alf. Burnett is a gentleman who possesses powers of imitation of a remarkable character, in voice, facial changes, and general appearance; at one moment appearing before us in the youthful form, in the next, everything is changed, and he shows as one of the old folks; his changes are made marvellously quick, so quick, indeed, that you can hardly realise that the many characters he assumes can be personated by one individual. He makes his *debut* in this city, as we have said, this evening, Feb. 27th, at Dodworth Hall.

STEPHEN MASSETT'S NEW BALLAD.—"Sunset" is the pretty title of our friend "Jeems Pipes" new song. It is dedicated by Mr. Massett to Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, a well merited compliment, and one which the lady will doubtless appreciate. It has a beautifully illustrated title page, from a design by John O. B Inman, Esq., the celebrated artist, (son, we believe, of the late Henry Inman), and the words—a perfect little gem—are by "Tom Moore." The melody of this song is extremely taking, and should become quite popular—it is Stephen Massett's best effort. Here are the words:

How dear to me the hour, when daylight dies
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea—
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes its vesper sigh to thee!

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave towards the burning West,
I long to tread its golden path of rays,
And think 'twill lead to some bright isle of rest.

THAT THEATRICAL, MINSTREL, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY of which Frank Edwards is the presiding genius, is fast becoming an institution. He guarantees to supply any and everything an actor or manager may want; also, by his advertisement elsewhere, it will be seen that Harry Evarts, Ethiopian comedian, etc., and W. W. Broom, may be engaged through him. He also advertises magic apparatus, etc., for sale.

ROBERT HELLER, who plays tricks upon the public in a very clever conjuring way, had rather an expensive trick played on him one night recently. He was on his way home, through Washington Parade Ground, when he was attacked by a party of sleight-of-hand performers, who in the most gentlemanly manner possible knocked him down, and borrowed from him for a lengthened period, if not longer, the sum of nineteen hundred dollars. Presto change! now you have it, and now you don't.

OCEANA, together with H. B. Gates' champion mare "Black Bess, commences an engagement at the Varieties, Bowery, on March 6th, opening in "Mazeppa."

HENRY C. AND GEORGE C. DOBSON continue to give instruction on the banjo to all who may need their services in that line. By a card in another column it will be seen that Miss Lotta, the comedienne, has been taking banjo lessons from the Brothers Dobson.

Dramatic.

THE CUMBERLAND (Md.) Theatre was opened Feb. 22d with a dramatic company composed of the following persons: J. A. Stevens, W. H. King, G. L. Hall, Mr. Robinson, Geo. Gray, Sig. Gibbonoise, Miss Harrie Franklin, Edith Preston, Minnie Gray, Louisa Brown and Kate Hart. Chas. L. Howard is manager. "The Rough Diamond" and "Box and Cox" were the opening pieces.

MISS BLANCHE DE BAR, niece of Ben De Bar, manager of the St. Louis Theatre, is announced to make her *debut* in St. Louis at the termination of Miss Mary Provost's engagement. It is said that this young lady possesses great talent for the stage, elegant comedy being her *forte*, which has been carefully cultivated. She is highly educated, and therefore, it is thought, is destined to become a bright particular star in the theatrical firmament. Her first appearance will be about the middle of March, after which she will make a tour, playing at all the principal theatres.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN terminated his Columbus, Ohio, engagement, on Feb. 25th, is at the Pittsburgh Theatre this week, and goes to Cincinnati March 6th. The following notices we take from the Columbus (Ohio) papers:—

"OPERA HOUSE.—There was another crowded house last night at the second performance of 'Waiting for the Verdict.' The audience, perhaps, was more thrilled and delighted than on the first night. The character in which Mr. Buchanan appears, Jonathan Roseblade, is so vividly portrayed, that he seems to be the veritable old farmer he represents."—*Statesman, Feb.* 16.

"THE OPERA HOUSE.—The greatest living personator of Shakespeare's Macbeth, McKean Buchanan, made his appearance in that character last night. The exceedingly unfavorable condition of the weather did not prevent the hosts from turning out, so anxious were all to witness a competent delineator of the legitimate. The spacious temple was crowded from pit to dome. That he achieved a complete triumph there can be no question. His splendid *physique*, his commanding voice, his thorough appreciation of the varied circumstances surrounding him, stamp him as among the foremost in his arduous profession.

Miss Virginia Buchanan's Lady Macbeth was a brilliant piece of acting, and reflected the highest honors of the profession.
Journal, Feb. 18.

THE VARIOUS benefits given by the theatres and halls in Philadelphia in aid of the sufferers by the recent disastrous fire in that city realised $4599.13 as follows:—W. Sinn, Helen Western, and Chestnut Street Theatre company, at the Academy of Music, on Feb. 17, $2,391.50; Mrs. Garrettson's Walnut Street Theatre company, and Miss Lucille Western, at the Academy, Feb. 18, $1824.85; Walnut Street Theatre, additional benefit, $461 70; Arch Street Theatre, $380; Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, $41; Stewart's Apollo Music Hall, $40; leaving, after deducting sundry expenses, the above-named sum. It may be well to observe that on three evenings in the early part of the week on which benefits were given, the streets were almost impassible owing to slush and snow; this will account for the comparatively small receipts at all places except the Academy, the benefits at that house taking place at the close of the week when the weather was more favorable.

"MARTHA" was creditably presented at the Brooklyn Academy on Thursday night, Feb. 23d, on the occasion of the third of the new subscription series of opera given in Brooklyn by the Maretzek Company, the attendance being very numerous and fashionable, and the performances throughout quite praiseworthy. Miss Kellogg took the *role* of Henrietta, and Miss Morensi that of Nancy, Lotti performing Lionel, and Wanlich "Plunkett," Lord Tristan being personated by Mullen. The latter, by the way, made up more like a butler than a lord. Lotti was more animated than usual, and sang finely throughout, being encored in the third act, as was Miss Kellogg in the "Last Rose of Summer." Maretzek led the orchestra, and rather rushed matters in regard to the time, the chorus not being able to keep up with him at one time..... Monday was set down as an extra night, on which occasion Zucchi was to have her first benefit in this country, appearing in Ernani.

GEORGE T. CRUMP is still the sole lessee and manager of the Athenæum, at Cairo, Ill., the place not having changed hands since he took possession.

THE CAMPBELL AND CASTLE OPERA TROUPE was at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., last week, and was to close there on Feb. 25th. The party then visits the principal towns in Ohio, and were to be at Mansfield (one of the worse show towns in the United States), on Feb. 28th.

MR. JAMES STARK made his *debut* at the Denver City (Col. Ter.) Theatre on Jan. 31st, as Richelieu, to a crowded house. He was to remain there six nights.

ETTIE HENDERSON made her first appearance in Toronto, C. W., on Feb. 20th, at the Lyceum Theatre, as Fanchon. On the 21st, "Satan in Paris" was produced. The "Naiad Queen" was in active rehearsal, and to be produced this week, with Miss Henderson in the cast.

MRS. METHUA SCHELLER opened at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on Feb. 20th, to a crowded house, as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," and met with a most brilliant reception. She was called before the curtain at the close of the 3d, 4th, and 5th acts. Every body seemed charmed with the natural and unaffected style of this most pleasing actress, and she will doubtless become a favorite there.

WE RECENTLY stated that the Natchez Theatre had been declared a nuisance. The following is a copy of the order relating thereto:—"Head Quarters United States Forces, Natchez, Miss., Dec. 14th, 1864. Special Orders, No. 144. The Natchez Theatre having become a public nuisance, is hereby closed. The Provost Marshal will enforce this order. By order of Brig.-Gen'l M. Brayman, T. C. Prescott, Capt., and A. A. A. G."

A VERY AMUSING incident transpired at the Opera House, Columbus, O., on the evening of the 17th ult., on the occasion of McKean Buchanan's benefit. The play was "Macbeth," and the house was packed. While Buchanan was in the heaviest part of the dagger-scene, and had worked his audience up to a state of awe, in making a dreadful plunge at the imaginary dagger, within an alarming short distance of one of the private boxes (which was occupied in front by two or three ladies), the occupants thereof seeing him make the plunge apparently at them, gave a slight scream, and showed symptoms of a hasty retreat; the tragic spell was at once broken, and from the laughter and the way the audience seemed to enjoy it, you would have thought Jim Lewis had made a hit in some favorite farce; and as they say 'tis only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, Buchanan himself burst out into a hearty laugh; after a few moments he endeavored to regain his composure, and go on; but again and again, after a few sentences—which were spoken when he was shaking as if he had the ague—it would end in a laugh, which only made the audience enjoy it the more. At length he mastered it and brought things down to their level again.

MLLE. ZOE was to have appeared at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on Monday evening, Feb. 20th, in the character of the French Spy, but Manager Van Arnum received a dispatch from her about six o'clock Monday evening, stating that sudden illness would prevent her fulfilling her engagement that week. The "Dead Heart" was substituted, and everything passed off nicely. "Beauty and the Beast" was very handsomely placed on the stage on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22d, Miss Chippendale playing the part of Beauty, her first appearance since her recovery from her severe illness; she was enthusiastically received. Mr. J. Delmer as Old Crump, Davenport as John Quill, Everitt as the Beast, Mrs. Ayling as Dresslinda, Mrs. Lannier as Maragolda, were all good..... Everitt takes a benefit on Tuesday, Feb. 28th, on which occasion Yankee Robinson has volunteered.

TWO LADIES are advertised for in this issue of the CLIPPER by Jacob Elson, who still claims to be manager of the Savannah Theatre.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the Florences were the stars all last week. "Kathleen Mavourneen," their new drama by W. Travers, was in rehearsal, and underlined for early production. Managers McVicker and Myers are already laying out their campaign for the next season, and advertise elsewhere in this week's CLIPPER for ladies and gentlemen of ability and experience. Early application would seem to be necessary.

LEO HUDSON opened in Lexington, Ky., on Feb. 22d, for one week. On March 6th, she commences a two week's engagement at the Louisville Theatre, Louisville, Ky.

MRS. CECILE ROSE commenced an engagement at the New Memphis Theatre, Tenn., on Feb. 13th, opening in the "Lady of Lyons;" 18th, "Pizarro;" 14th, "Pasio;" 15th, "Deborah." On the occasion of her benefit, on the 17th, she appeared as Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces," and as Julia, in the "Belle of Washington."

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, has been doing a good business during the week, the "Dead Heart" having drawn well up to its last performance, which was on Thursday, Feb. 23d. "Waiting for the Verdict" was the attraction on Friday, when T. C. Wemyss had his benefit, and the "Serious Family" on Saturday..... The "Cricket on the Hearth" is promised.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter closed a very successful engagement at the Opera House, Columbus, O., on the 18th Feb. The business since our last report has been "Macbeth," "Pizarro," "Rob Roy," &c., in all of which Mr. Buchanan showed himself to good advantage. His best piece of acting, however, our correspondent, "Joe," says, was Rob Roy. Nature has done much for him in making up for the part, and besides this, his conception is somewhat original, and in my humble opinion more correct than that of the generality of actors undertaking the part. Miss Virginia Buchanan appeared but two evenings, and then after a severe illness, consequently, I am not able to judge correctly of her true merits. I would willingly notice those of the company that deserve it, but there has been much said about partiality in this respect, so I have come to the conclusion the best policy for me will be to notice none..... Mr. Joseph Proctor opened on the 21st, in "Virginius;" he should have done so the evening previous, but the Opera House was occupied by parties in this city for charitable purposes. A fine audience greeted Mr. Proctor, and throughout the entire play he received frequent bursts of applause. After the performance he was called before the curtain, when he thanked the audience in a few eloquent words for the kind reception tendered him. The business for the balance of the week will be 'Othello," "Nick of the Woods," "Damon and Pythias," &c.

EDWIN FORREST is in the third week of his engagement at the Holliday, Baltimore. He appeared on Monday evening, 20th Feb., in his masterly delineation of "Macbeth," in Shakspeare's sublime tragedy of that name. The play was produced in grand style, with the original music by Locke, appropriate scenery, costumes, &c. He was ably supported by John McCullough as Macduff; Madame Ponisi as Lady Macbeth, in the rendition of which character she displayed the highest effects of genius and skill; Joseph Wheelock as Banquo, was excellent. Tuesday, "King Lear" was produced to an overwhelming house, with McCullough as Edgar, and Miss Alice Grey as Cordelia, in the personation of which character she acquitted herself beyond expectation—our correspondent says—and received from an appreciating audience many marks of their admiration and praise. On Wednesday evening, 22d, Manager Ford, imbued with a proper spirit of patriotism—prepared a most brilliant and attractive performance in commemoration of the anniversary of the birthday of George Washington. The popular national drama of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," as dramatised by C. W. Taylcure, from Hon. J. P. Kennedy's celebrated historical novel, was produced for the first time this season, with the clever comedian, C. B. Bishop, as the redoubtable Horse Shoe; Jas. Wheelock as Major Butler; and the dramatic reader, Miss Hannah Bailey, as Wilfred, after which there was a grand allegorical tableau to the fame of Washington, followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Annie Wheelock, and full choir by the entire company; the whole concluding with the delightful comedy of "Dunducketty's Pic-nic." To add still further interest to the occasion, the theatre was brilliantly illuminated, and, in consequence of the tearing down of buildings to open Holliday street, the theatre was seen from Baltimore street for the first time since its erection, nearly seventy years ago. On Thursday and Friday evening, 23d and 24th, Mr. Forrest appeared as "Metamora." The delineation of this character by the eminent tragedian is one of the grandest of his many admirable performances. His rendition of it on the 23d was fully up to any of its previous representations and gave the greatest satisfaction. He was supported by Madame Ponisi, Miss Alice Grey, Mr. John McCullough, and the entire company..... A grand afternoon performance was given on Saturday, for the benefit of the poor—the entire proceeds donated to that good purpose..... Saturday evening, the "Streets of New York" was revived.

MISS LAURA KEENE'S GREAT MORAL PLAY, "The Workmen of Baltimore, at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, was, from its success during the first week of its presentation, allowed to remain on the bills for another week, nor did it decrease in popularity ....This week, the great delineators of Irish and Yankee character, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, are at this house. During their engagement, they are to produce a number of their old favorite pieces, together with the new Irish sensation plays, "Connie Soogah," "The Shamrock," "Phelim O'Donnell," and a number of others. The Williamses are favorites at Baltimore.

"CINDERELLA," as produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, last week, with Madame Scheller as the heroine, was a great success. We are told that half an hour after the opening of the box office the sale of tickets had to be stopped. Hundreds left the theatre unable to gain admission. The spectacle was produced with great *eclat*. Mme. Scheller makes a most charming Cinderella; Mr Frank Roche does the Prince in fine style; Mr Fisk is exceedingly funny as Pedro; Mrs. Myron is a splendid Fairy Queen; Mrs. Bidelman and Mrs. Young, as the unfeeling Sisters, are fully up in their parts, and, in fact, all the members of the company do well. The scenery, by Mr. Stanfield, is really magnificent, and the last scene is a perfect gem of decorative art. It is perhaps the finest thing ever seen in that city.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced the second and last week of her engagement at Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 27th Feb., appearing as Margaret Elmore, supported by Mr. D. Hanchett as Mathew Elmore.

MR. J. E. NAGLE, who is now leading man at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, has evidently made many friends in that city, both by his acting and personal qualities. We regret to learn that recently he has suffered from the loss of his entire wardrobe—the accumulation of fifteen years—and much other valuable property, by a fire in that city, which (from some legal technicality) the insurance companies have refused to indemnify him for. It has been suggested by one of the Chicago papers that a benefit be tendered Mr.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are to be in Troy, March 3d and 4th. They are pretty well pictured about the town.

WEBB'S HAVANA MINSTRELS have left that city for Matanzas and Cardenas. They closed to good business in Havana, and had also made a successful trip in the interior. They return to Havana shortly for another brief season, and then work their way home, stopping at the principal towns on the Mississippi river.

DUPREZ AND GREEN'S MINSTRELS are reaping a bountiful harvest of greenbacks down among the people of the east. At Providence they filled the Academy of Music on the 20th, 21st, and 22d ult. on the 24th and 25th they were at New Bedford, on the 27th they were to show at Lowell, and on the 28th at Salem. By advertisement elsewhere, it will be seen that C. A. Boyd is no longer with the company, hence Manager Dupres advertises for a competent individual to fill the vacant position.

THE DRAFT last week proved a black draft to some of our minstrel friends. Evan Horn was caught up in Philadelphia, and T. McNally, of Hooley's, and Lockwood, of Wood's, were among the drafted in Brooklyn. "Evan" ought to be exempt, or past the boundary of years.

THOSE ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS, Chas. B. Hicks and Cliff Monroe, solicit the attention of Minstrel and Equestrian managers to their advertisement in another column.

MANAGERS OF MINSTREL TROUPES, who are on the look out for recruits, should give special attention to J. C.'s card in another column, on reference to which it will be found that he wishes to become a pupil of some first class tutor, as he desires to adopt minstrelsy as a profession, and is already partially up in the business.

MANAGERS OF MINSTREL TROUPES can secure the services of Master Lou Palmer by addressing him as per advertisement.

THE GEORGE CHRISTY MINSTRELS, J. W. Raynor, manager, showed in Allentown, Pa., on Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 23d and 24th, to a good business. Joe Whittaker, of Baltimore, late with the Christy party, is in Cincinnati with his jaw broken. They opened at Philadelphia, on Monday, Feb. 27th, at Concert Hall.

THE GREEN FAMILY MINSTRELS, (amateurs), gave two exhibitions at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on Feb. 21st and 22d, to very large houses, as they deserved, as the receipts were handed over to one of the charitable institutions of that city.

BOGAN is no bogus individual, but personally attends to advertising his banjos, and banjo and jig dancing instructions. See card in another column.

MR. EDWARD BOWERS, well known in the minstrel profession as one of its brightest and most useful lights, died in Brooklyn at his residence, No. 269 Washington street, on Monday morning, Feb. 27th, at eight o'clock, of congestion of the brain. Mr. Bowers first entered the profession at Charley White's Opera House, No. 49 Bowery, and remained there for some time. Shortly after this he traveled with Wood & Christy's party, and since then has been associated with Morris Bros. Pell & Trowbridge, Hooley's, in Brooklyn, and several other parties. The last minstrel band that he was with was Moran's Minstrels, in Philadelphia. His last appearance on any stage was at the Varieties, in the Bowery, on Feb. 11th, where he was playing a star engagement with John Mulligan. He was then taken sick and took to his bed, which he kept until his death. He was 38 years of age. Mr. Bowers, in the minstrel profession, filled the position of interlocutor and general business manager, and as such he had no superior in the business. He was one of the best adaptors of negro farces in the country. He was very clever in everything he attempted. His last farce was called "Fulton Market," and it is a capital thing. It is indeed difficult to realize the solemn fact that this artist is now so early numbered among the silent dead—called hence in the flush of manhood, in the full vigor of active and useful engagement. He possessed a character of mind peculiar from the many, in that it was always stern and inflexible for the right; in life he was cheerful and kind. His funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 28th, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence in Brooklyn.

COTTON & MURPHY'S new minstrel organization started out from this city Feb. 25th, for a tour through the States. They give their first show at Newport, R. I., thence to Fall River, Mass., New Bedford, Providence, etc. After a brief season in the Eastern States they go West. The party is composed of several very good performers in the vocal as well as the instrumental department. Ben Cotton and Mr. Murphy have the ends.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn, continue to appear in new and attractive pieces every week, thereby attracting good houses and sending their audiences away in good humor. Tim Hayes and Hank Mudge continue this week in their double clog dance. A new act called "The Bounty Jumpers" is given for the first time. There are a host of other acts set down in the programme introducing all the company.

MESSRS. ALLISON & WOODS are doing a slashing business at the St. Charles-street Opera House, New Orleans. Laertes says—"This is certainly the best band of Ethiopians that has visited our city since the good days of 'auld lang syne,' and its merits are duly appreciated by the large crowds which nightly flock to witness their rare performances. They give a *matinee* at the Varieties every Saturday afternoon, which is largely attended by ladies and children."

JAS. LAMONT is with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, in Philadelphia, this week.

Circuses.

JOHN NOBLES, who left New York about three years ago for South America, arrived here last week, after a passage of two months, from Rio Janeiro.

F. ROSSTON'S COMPANY close their season at the Continental, Philadelphia, on the 28th Feb., and Gardner, Hemmings & Co. take possession of the establishment on the 1st of March, introducing to the public Mad. and La Petite Camille, Miss Eliza Gardner, Jas. Madigan, W. H. Lester, the Polish Brothers, R. Hemmings, Geo. Saunders, John Foster, Daniel Gardner, and Frank Whittaker.

THE CIRCUS at the Academy, New Orleans, was to close on Feb. 18th. James Cooke, the English histrionic rider, and Mad. De Berg, the Parisian equestrienne, late of Howes' Circus, made their *debut* at this house on the 9th inst. with great success. On the 20th the Variety Company resumed its place.

A CANDY BUTCHER advertises for a situation in this issue. Our "man of all work" says he didn't know such characters were in demand, but that he's got a little army of candy butchers, from one year old and upwards, that can kill or do away with more candy than would freight the Great Eastern, that he would like to hire out. Salary no object.

S. O. WHEELER closed his circus in Boston on Feb. 25th, and is busily engaged preparing for a summer's campaign. Eaton Stone took a benefit on Feb. 24th, and a full house was in attendance.

FRANK WHITTAKER took a benefit at the National Circus, in Philadelphia, on Feb. 23d, and had a crowded house. He was presented with a lunge whip, with mountings, amounting to eighty dollars. Frank has got a good joke now, which is, "If Jerry Mable's elephant is not dead, who wrote the telegram?" It is considered a big thing on a certain circus manager in Philadelphia, and took immensely with the audience.

CHARLES PARKER, clown, writes us that he was about to join Howes' Circus, at Vicksburg. Another New Orleans correspondent, under date of Feb. 18, says Howes' Circus was to start for Matamoras the following week.

SETH B. HOWES' CIRCUS was at Baton Rouge, the week ending Feb. 11th, and at Natchez during the week ending Feb. 18th.

DAN CASTELLO was in New Orleans on Feb. 15th, and was about leaving for Matamoras.

DR. R. P. JONES is with Spalding & Roger's Circus, at New Orleans.

MR. GEORGE WAMBOLD, the contortionist, arrived in this city on Feb. 23d, after a season of four months in Havana. Managers of Circuses wishing to engage Mr. Wambold and his trick dog Beauty, for the traveling season, can do so, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

Music Halls.

THE CANTERBURY HALL AND THEATRE, Baltimore, under the able pilotage of Dick O'Neil, is doing a very fine business. The manager finds that splendid companies draw splendid business, as the house for the past week has been fairly jammed. The masculine heroes of the Canterbury are Johnny Harris, W. H. Williams, Sam. Long, W. B. Fox, Marco, Jeddo, Jim Williams, Master Murray and H. Morris. The feminines are the ever favorite and popular vocalist, Kathleen O'Neil, Fanny Thompson, Fanny and Annie Farrero, Lucy Clifton, Ida De Vere, Tilly Forbes, the Porter Sisters, Emma Coleman and Lucy Maidville. The new stars for this week are El Nino Eddie—the baby Blondin, and Ada Tesman.

OVERWHELMING houses have greeted the return of Hughey Dougherty to the Casino, Philadelphia. The "Maid of Balbriggan" has proved a great success, and will be repeated every evening till further notice. Hughey Dougherty, Billy Holmes, and Martin Chirishi are all excellent cards, and the Casino company is both strong and good and highly appreciated by the Philadelphians.....S. g. A. Harrington, gymnast, pantomimist and contortionist, commences an engagement there on the 28th Feb.

M'LLE. MARIETTA RAVEL, the graceful *danseuse* and intrepid tight-rope artist, and whose various terpsichorean displays are described by an ardent admirer as being the very poetry of motion, has captured the goodwill of the people of Detroit during her engagement at the Varieties. She soon leaves them, however, to fulfil an engagement at Pittsburgh, where she is to commence on March 9th. On business, address her in care of M. W. Hanley, St Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADAM WAS THE FIRST MAN and Eve was his frow. Adam, it is to be presumed was a gent, but Eve wasn't a gent. But a truce to theology, (we are some on theology) while we remark that Harry Wall, late agent for Edwin Adams, the tragedian, is on the eve of looking for another engagement. As Harry is a brick-Wall, pretty nearly as good as one All-stone, he should not be long without a bullet. See advertisement

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL, who has been drawing immense houses at the Canterbury, Baltimore, was to have commenced an engagement at Alexandria, Va., on the 27th of February.

THE PADUCAH THEATRE, Ky., has been leased by Messrs. King & Whitford, who have opened it for the purpose of giving a first-class variety entertainment. They already have a good company, and, as it is the only place of amusement in Paducah, business should be prosperous with them. Among the performers are Alock Ross, jig-dancer and tamborinist: Tom Clannon, comedian and banjo-ologist; Tom Allen, violoncellist; D. W. Griffith, balladist and interlocutor; H. C. Parego, clog-dancer and second tenor; J. O. Boyle, musical director and first violinist; J. Lepoint, Ethiopian comedian; Master Charlie, fancy dancer; Master Frank, Irish comic singer; M'lle Whitford, danseuse; Miss Julia Barton, vocalist, and Tom Clark, Irish comedian. By an advertisement elsewhere, it will be seen that additional talent is wanted.

ROBERT BUTLER AND AMELIA WELLS, comic vocalists, etc., are desirous of securing an engagement with some manager of a circus or concert given inside. They are a versatile pair, and should not be long in getting the situation they want.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Detroit, Mich., they have a pretty full company, and judging from the programme before us, we infer that Manager Edeson is able to give his patrons a pleasing entertainment. Among the artists there are Tom Russell, Dick Sands, Kate Partington, Frank Christine, and last but not least, M'lle Marietta Ravel, the attractive *danseuse* and tight rope artist. Additional talent is advertised for in another column.

AT THE VARIETIES, St Louis, Miss Anna Hathaway put in a reappearance on Feb. 20th, appearing as Jack Spry, in the drama of "Jack's the Lad."..... Miss Fanny Beane commenced an engagement on the above date, and appeared as Bobin, in the drama. Among the principal performers last week were, Celia Morley, W. M. Reeve, J. C. Campbell, Sophie Walton, Sallie Mason, Frances Le'Roy, Mad. Macarte, Mons. Ximenes, Jenny Sylvester, together with Mons. Tophoff and his ballet troupe.

MRS. LOUISE PAYNE WRAY was married on Jan. 31st, to Col. Cunningham, of the Eighth Heavy Artillery, at Paducah, Ky., by Dr. Hendrick, Presbyterian minister of that place.

SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburg, with Andy Williams as business manager, is reaping, it is said, a rich reward from the lovers of amusement in that city. Miss Maggie Mairs, *danseuse*, Billy Ward and Master Ward reinforced the old favorites there last week.

CHAS. A. PETTIT, Ethiopian comedian, bought the good will and fixtures of the Canterbury, Harrisburg, last week, and was to take possession of the same on Feb. 27th.

FRED. ARIS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, is doing a hand office business, with a splendid company and a ballet that cannot be surpassed, our correspondent says, "by any music hall in the country; in fact, Mr. L. J. Donnelly, the celebrated *maitre de ballet* and terpsichorean artist, endeavours to make his bevy of beauty the principal attraction at this institution, in which he partially succeeds. In the array of talent are the celebrated Wesner Sisters, who are undoubtedly the best character (boy and girl) duet and *danseuse* ever seen in this city; on Monday night, Feb. 20th, they attempted for the first time, Johnny Mack and Little Mac's great song and dance entitled 'The Nerves,' in which they were highly successful, and received the flattering testimonial of four encores, which they deserved, as they sang, danced and dressed the part extremely well. W. J. Thompson and his trained dogs are creating quite a *furore* in this city, and nightly receive the approbation of large audiences. This week they are entertaining their admirers with the thrilling drama, entitled 'The Murdered Ferryman,' and the 'Mountain Devil.' Chas. R. Collins, the only original cure, and Billy Emmerson, the great song and dance man, are underlined for an appearance on Monday, 27th Feb."

LILY FLORENCE, daughter of Joe Cook, died in Allentown, Pa., on Tuesday night, Feb. 21st, after an illness of ten days. Her funeral took place on the afternoon of the 24th, and was largely attended. May she rest in peace.

AT THE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, Galletti closed last week.

THE NASHVILLE OPERA HOUSE was re-opened on Feb. 18th, by a variety company, consisting of Annetta Zanfretta, Fannie Weaver, Lizzie Walker, Johnny Cole, Lewis Walters, Mons. La Font, Harry Blood, Joe Davidson, Charlie Straight, W. D. Daniels, Ed. Harris, Ned Straight, Henry Gardiner, H. Tibbets, G. Dolfuss, etc.

WHILE the Variety Troupe have been lying still during the occupancy of the Academy, New Orleans, by the circus, they have been getting up "Mazulme" for a show piece, and it is thought it will be the greatest sensation that has been in New Orleans in some time. Everything is entirely new, scenery, dresses, property, tricks, etc., and the last scene will eclipse in splendor anything that has been there.

EL NINO EDDIE, the infant Blondin, is performing this week at the Canterbury, Baltimore. Next week he returns to Washington, for an engagement of two weeks with Lea, at the Canterbury.

Miscellaneous.

"THAT IMPERIAL ILLUSIONIST," Karl Kahr, now with Bruce & Co.'s Metropolitan Gift Show, advertises his P. O. address in another column.

"BRUCE & CO.'S MONSTER GIFT TROUPE," with Prof. Karl Kahr, the illusionist, showed at Janesville, Wis., all last week, and was to open at Madison on the 27th ult., for two weeks. The proprietors of the show, we learn, have every reason to be satisfied with the patronage received.

NICHOLS AND KEMP'S VARIETY TROUPE appear at Danbury, Conn., on the 25th and 27th of February. The following is a partial list of the company—Prof. T. W. Nichols, J. Kemp, Miss Mary Florence, M'lle Rosa Neville, Ed. Wray, Harry Everets, J. C. Russell, Harry Heart, Herr Dicteli, and Prof. Dubois.

A PANORAMA is advertised as for sale in this issue of the CLIPPER by Messrs. Glass & Co.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW was unrolled at Hamilton Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind., on Feb. 22d and was to close there on the 28th, and open in Toledo, March 2d, for three nights.

GARDNER'S BALLET TROUPE laid up in Utica for one week, and was to re-organize and take a fresh start Feb. 23d, and open in Albion, N. Y., for two nights. On the 28th, the party was to be at Lockport. John M. Denier had fully recovered from his late accident, and was to join the troupe at Albion.

ELLINGER & FOOTE'S Combination Troupe have been doing well in Ohio. They were in Piqua on the 20th and 21st, Sidney 22d and 23d, Troy 24th and 25th, and were to be at Dayton on the 27th and 28th of Feb., Hamilton March 1st and 2d, and Richmond, Indiana, 3d and 4th. W. B. Harrison, improvisator, is said to take greatly, his off hand rhymes and jokes seeming to just suit the people thereaway. Com. Foote and the other little folks are great curiosities.

RODEY MAGUIRE, with his Variety Show, intends giving an entertainment at Dramatic Hall, Jersey City, on the 1st of March, when he announces that he will be assisted by M'lle. Mary Lagrange, Miss Clara May, Frank Spear, J. Carr, J. Hedding, C. Archer, Geo. Dimond, and H. Hill. Rodey will introduce his feats of light and heavy balancing.

BEALE'S "WESTERN WORLD" unrolled to the citizens of Plainfield, N. J., in Laing's Hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 11th. The manager kindly placed the house at the disposal of the "Ladies' Aid Society" of the place. The nett receipts amounted to over $75. They remained on Monday evening, and were billed for Easton, Pa., 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th Feb., but as the Show "fixins" were detained on the railroad, they were not able to open until the 16th. They "hung their banners on the outer walls" in Bethlehem, the 20th, and remained the entire week, the average receipts being $125 each evening. The manager gave three exhibitions each day. They will show in Wilkesbarre, Feb. 27th, 28th, and March 1st, after which they will go to Tamaqua 4th, 6th, and 7th; Pottsville, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th; St. Clair, 13th, 14th, and 15th; Minersville, 16th, 17th, and 18th; Reading, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th 25th, 27th and 28th of March. Mr. Wm. F. Decker is the manager of the Exhibition; Mr. Harry A. B. Williams, who has recently returned from Europe, and late lecturer of "Davis' Panorama of the War," is the lecturer of the exhibition; whilst last though not least, Mr. Frank A. Lowe is the director of mechanical effects.

SPAFF HYMAN, magician, opened at Masonic Hall, Easton, Pa., Feb. 23d, for two nights.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS fiddle and sing in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 27th.

THE NEW HAVEN GLEE CLUB sang in Music Hall, New Haven, Washington's Birthday, for the benefit of the Christian Commission.

THE HOFFMAN-VARIAN COMBINATION appeared in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., for the Young Men's Institute, Feb. 21st.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING, the harpist, concluded a two weeks engagement at Smith and Nixon's Hall, Chicago, on Feb. 18th, on which occasion she was presented with a magnificent silver tea set valued at seventy-five dollars. On Feb. 28th, she was to appear at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, thence to Pittsburgh.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE was billed to open in Pittsburgh, on Feb. 27th, for one week, and to go thence to Steubenville, March 6th and 7th; Wheeling, Va., March 8th, and remain four nights. The company will then make their way east on a second visit to the New England towns.

MR. L. M. W. STEERE was in Pittsburgh, last week, making arrangements for the Carter Zouaves and Female Brass Band, who open at Concert Hall on the 27th.

MR. J. W. BAIN delivered a lecture on the 23d, to a crowded house, at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh. Subject, "The Price and Fruits of Victory."

DR. E SHELTON MACKENSIE delivered his second lecture under the auspices of the Tennyson Club, at Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 23d Feb. Subject, "Irish Laws and Lawyers," which contained much curious and interesting information and elicited frequent applause.

WHISTON, THE POLYPHONIST AND HUMORIST, performed at Danvers, Beverly, Manchester and Essex, Mass., last week; this week he gives his mirth provoking and original entertainment in Rockport, Gloucester, Ipswich, and Newburyport. A correspondent says, "that this popular performer is drawing the largest kind of houses, and his performance being filled with the choicest witticisms, delivered in the most acceptable manner, never fails to gather the most fashionable audiences. His partner, Mr. A. B. Palmer, understands human nature to a T, and his arrangements with those with whom he has dealings, are not only satisfactory to them but advantageous to the management."

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE has been meeting with success wherever it has appeared the past two weeks. At Warren, Ohio, and Meadville, Pa., the halls were too small to hold the crowds that turned out to see the Zou Zous. At Newcastle the throng was immense, and hundreds were unable to get inside the hall, and Manager Carter and his nibs Risley were kept very busy taking the money, selling tickets being out of the question.

THE NICOLO TROUPE propose giving six performances at the Tremont Temple, Boston, commencing on March 6th. The troupe consists of the Nicolo Family, the Talleen Brothers, Sig. Henrico and others.

GOTTSCHALK showed in Lockport, N. Y., on the 18th Feb., to a good house, but the performance was unsatisfactory, and he will not meet with favor should he again visit that place.

THE ORIGINAL CHINESE CABALISTIC CABINET of the deceased magician, McAllister, is offered for sale by Frank Edwards. See his card.

THE OCTOFLEXARA TROUPE has been meeting with big houses the past week. On Feb. 28th, they were to appear in Hudson, and March 1st in Albany.

Amateur.

COLUMBIA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—An excellent performance was given on the 22d Feb. at Niblo's Saloon, by the Columbia Dramatic Association. The plays selected were "The Lady of Lyons" and "Handy Andy." In the first piece J. N. Walter sustained the part of Claude Melnotte, and at times surpassed his friends by the manner in which he acted it. One very prominent fault of Walter's is his propensity for ranting. J. Valentine, Jr., was on the bills to play Beauseant, but catching that very prevalent disease—"ile on the brain"—his part was admirably sustained by Geo. Gordon, who is one of the best amateurs on the stage. Col. Damas, by J. M. Rennard, was well played. J. H. Cornin, as Glavis, the fop, evidently understood his business, and acted accordingly. Ada Clifford possessed a good stage presence, as well as a handsome appearance, which is about all she did as Pauline. Jennie Burns overdid her part, and did not dress it at all. "Handy Andy" concluded the entertainment. So writes a correspondent, "Muggins."

THE INDEPENDENT D. A. have gone up in a balloon, after giving two performances.

THE SECOND BENEFIT for the soldiers in the field who had been residents of the 15th ward, Brooklyn, E. D., came off at Gross' Hall, on the 22d Feb. The "Lottery Ticket," with other entertainments, was given.

J. DEEGAN, Irish comedian, will have a benefit at Dramatic Hall this month, on which occasion some of our best amateur talent will appear, including W. Munich, Barry Howland, N. Kelly Sylvester, Geo. Middleton, S. F. Nichols, and others. Of course Deegan is included. "Ireland as it Was," "Maniac Lover," and "Barney the Baron" will be given.

LAST WEEK, in giving the gentleman's name who was elected Vice President of the Excelsiors, we made it Nowland. It should be Howland.

AMATEURS IN OHIO.—On Saturday, 11th Feb., the amateurs of Lancaster, Ohio, gave a dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the poor, producing for the occasion the beautiful moral drama entitled "The Cross of St. Johns." The hall was crowded with a fashionable and appreciative audience. The performance was a decided success, and every character well sustained.

THE SMITHVILLE UNION DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Smithville, N. C., composed of members of the 3d and 142d N. Y. Vol., gave their first entertainment at Dramatic Hall, formerly a concert house, Feb. 13th. A correspondent says—"The room is admirably adapted for such performances, there being seats enough to accommodate 150 persons. The stage and sides of the room were decorated with the American colors, which gave the place a very neat and creditable appearance. I send you the names of the officers of the association, together with a few who took part in the proceedings. Cortland Folwell was formerly a member of the Burton D. A. of your city; he gave recitations from "Hamlet," the "Wife," and "Julius Cæsar." James Patrick and James O'Hara were formerly members of the Avonite D. A., also of the City of Gotham; they sang several songs and gave recitations from selected parts of Shakespeare, all of which were well done and as well appreciated by those present. Sergt. Frederick A. Waters, of the 3d N. Y. Vol., kindly volunteered and sang the 'Pirate of the Isle,' which was loudly applauded. The following are the names of the officers: President, Peter Cuthbert; Vice President, G. M. Warren; Stage Manager, Cortland Folwell; Assistant, James Patrick; Secretary, Edward Tisett; Treasurer, Joseph Tisell; Costumer, James Blanchard; Prompter, Johnston.

A PRIVATE MASQUE SOIREE is to be given by the Columbia Dramatic Association on Thursday evening, March 3d, in this city. We thankfully acknowledge the reception of an invitation to attend.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE SURREY THEATRE, London, England, situated at the southern end of Blackfriars Road, was destroyed by fire on Monday night, Jan. 30th. The danger was first seen by Mr. Bowells, the clown, just as he was about to commence a solo on the trombone. He left the stage quietly, and communicated his suspicions to Mr. Green, the acting manager. Over the chandelier is the carpenter shop, and Mr. Green at once dispatched some of the stage carpenters to see what was the matter, but at the same moment some of the audience were alarmed by a cloud of smoke descending through the aperture named, and the cry of fire was raised. Mr. Green implored the people to remain as quiet as possible, and to leave the theatre in an orderly manner. They could see for themselves that it was the ceiling alone which had at that time caught fire, and there was ample time for them to leave the building uninjured, if they only did so in a calm and collected manner. The audience, on the whole, it is said, followed this very sensible advice, and were so enabled to leave the place unhurt. At the time the last few people were leaving, the flames burst with great fury through the ceiling, which was composed of thin lath and painted canvas, and in a very short space of time caught the drapery running round the boxes, and the proscenium and stage curtain, from which it at once extended to the scenery, and the whole stage became a mass of flame. The scene of the stage and in the dressing rooms of the theatre at this time was terrible. The actors and actresses who had been engaged in the pantomime ran about in the greatest confusion. To add to the terrifying nature of the position, the gas superintendent of the theatre, to avoid an explosion, turned off the gas in the back portion of the theatre, which was thus left in total darkness. Mr. Green and others, at the risk of their own lives, pulled the women and girls employed in the pantomime through the burning scenery to the stage door, whence they were conveyed to their homes in a tightly-clothed and fainting state in cabs provided by the police. The last persons brought out of the burning building were several children who had been representing the characters of fairies in the transformation scene. The clown and sprite having reported to the stage manager that all persons had been safely removed from the theatre, they made their own escape, dressed as they had been while playing their respective parts, no persons engaged in the pantomime having had time to change their dress. So rapid had been the progress of the flames, that, before any of the engines could be brought into play, the whole interior of the theatre was completely burnt out, the roof, galleries and boxes falling in rapid succession, and nothing was left standing of the building but the portico and front wall facing Blackfriars Road. Among the crowds were the actors in their stage dresses, rushing about among the firemen and police. Grimy supers with tin foil helmets on were seen laboring at the engines, and some loitering sorrowfully about in the mud, while princes and generals, and soldiers in costumes and uniforms unknown to every day life, were picking their way furtively over the hose, or dabbling through the water which flooded the roads. The whole of the property in the theatre belonging to both lessees and performers has been consumed, and the salvage will be a mere trifle. Messrs. Anderson and Shepherd, the lessees, are not only sufferers by the destruction of the theatre to the amount of some thousands, but the whole of their valuable theatrical wardrobe and dresses are destroyed; and Miss Paunceforth and Miss Webster, the two "leading lady" actresses, are also severe sufferers, the latter lady's wardrobe being of a very extensive and valuable character. The pantomimists, clown, harlequin, pantaloon, columbine, sprite, and the *ballet* girls lost the whole of their private dresses, having barely time to make their escape from the burning theatre in their performing costume. Mr. Shepherd estimates the value of the theatre and its contents at about £12,000. It is supposed by some of the men employed about the theatre, that the gas, by which the chandelier was lighted, having been lowered for due effect to the transformation scene in the pantomime, was turned on again with too great power, and the upward draught carried the heat through the apertures in the ceiling, composed of thin boards and oil-painted canvas, and set light to the edges, from which the fire communicated to the workshops. Externally, it was a modest, unassuming structure, and could accommodate about 2500 people. It was first opened Nov. 7th, 1782, by Messrs. Hughes and Dibdin, and called the Royal Circus. Was destroyed by fire August 12th, 1805. The new one, now destroyed, was built on the same site and opened Easter Monday, 1806. In 1829, "Black Eyed Susan" was produced and enjoyed a great run.

JACKSON HAINES, the American skater, had reached Berlin, at last accounts. "Young America" had been in Paris, but had only one hour's chance on the ice, the sun proving too strong for the frozen water. From Paris he went to Hamburg, but finding no ice, left for Berlin, where he found plenty of ice, and good seasonable weather. Haines created a *furore* in Berlin. He gave his first public exhibition there on the 24th January, with a band of thirty pieces in attendance. He gave a second exhibition on the 26th, in the presence of 50,000 spectators, including the King, the Crown Prince and Princess, and Princess Alice, from England. It was a big thing on ice for little Haines. Never were Dutchmen more excited or delighted. Haines was to leave Berlin on the following week for St. Petersburgh.

"LARA" was first produced in London Jan. 31st, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Miss Louisa Pyne as Kaled. The opera was a great success.

KATE BATEMAN made her *debut* Jan. 30th at the Adelphi Theatre, London, as Julia, in "The Hunchback." George Jordan played Sir Thomas Clifford. Miss Bateman did not make a very favorable impression in the *role*. On the evening of Feb. 1st, in consequence of a severe hoarseness, Miss B. was unable to appear.

IRA ALDRICH, the African tragedian, is at present at Kasan, in Asiatic Tartary, giving a series of Shakspearian performances. It is stated by the Kasan correspondent of a Moscow journal, that after one of his representations the eminent actor was conveyed home by a procession of students, in sledges, by torchlight, in presence of thousands of spectators. It is added that he has received numerous offers of engagements in the vast Russian Empire.

MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE HOLT appeared at the Theatre Royal, Birkenhead, Jan. 30th, in "Belphegor."

WALTER KEEBLE, an American actor, appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, Coatbridge, Eng., on Jan 31st, as Jack Cade. On Feb. 2d he took a benefit, and played Metamora.

HENRY LORAINE commenced a star engagement of six nights on Jan. 30th, at the Hartlepool, Eng., Theatre, in "Macbeth."

THE ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE, under the direction of H. C. Cooper, was at Limerick Jan. 27th.

A. A. COX—announced as an American comedian—was niggerizing with a troupe at Leicester, Eng., on Feb. 1st.

AN ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY appeared at the Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, on Jan. 31st, with Brookhouse Bowler and Annie Kemp in the troupe.

THE NELSON SISTERS are at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

CAPT. MORTON PRICE and Catharine Lucette were at Sunderland, Eng., on Jan. 31st, performing in a piece called "The New York Fireman." One scene represents Broadway by moonlight, another a house on fire, both of which are said to be excellent.

THIODON'S MIRROR OF AMERICA closed a successful season in Worcester, Eng., on Feb. 3d.

COM. NUIT and Minnie Warren continue their levees at St. James' Hall, London.

THE DRAMA of "The Streets of London" reached its 178th representation at the Princess' Theatre, London, on Feb. 10th.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The case of Montague *vs.* George W. Moore came before the Vice Chancellor at Liverpool, Eng., on Jan. 31st, for the third time. The suit is brought by Montague to restrain Moore and others from representing themselves in advertisements, handbills, or otherwise, as the original "Christy's Minstrels," or as having belonged to, or as having had any connection with "Christy's Minstrels." (my) Montague and Wilson's counsel has been heard at present; the expense thus far exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds. The case was adjourned to allow the plaintiff time to put in an affidavit.

YOUNG ROBSON, vocalist, died in Manchester, Eng., Feb. 5th.

EDWARD HOOPER, late manager of the Cambridge, Eng., Theatre, died in that place the latter part of January, in the 70th year of his age.

THE DRAMA of the "Workmen of Paris" is being performed at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

"CINDERELLA" is performed at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, with Donato, the one legged dancer, in the masquerade scene.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

AFTERNOON AT 3. EVENING AT 7½.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF
THE GREAT ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR DRAMA,
written by MISS LAURA KEENE, entitled the
WORKMEN OF NEW YORK;
OR, THE
CURSE OF DRINK.
Pronounced by press and public
A SUBLIME CONCEPTION.
TONY DENIER IN DANCING GIRAFFE.
MORNING AT 11,
A deeply interesting
EXPOSE OF SPIRITUALISM,
BY DR. W. F. VON VLECK,
with practical illustrations of the great imposture.
Walter's life size figures of the
JAPANESE
COMIC SONGS, ELEGANT DANCES, &c.
PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
TWO FAT WOMEN. LIVING SKELETON,
THREE GIANTS, 24 FEET HIGH.
WOODBOPPE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS,
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES IN MOTION.
WAX FIGURES TAKEN FROM LIFE OF
MRS. GENERAL TOM THUMB AND BABY.
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, DWARF, ALBINO BOY, LIVING OTTERS,
FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AQUARIA, MENAGERIE, &c.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,

No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, and during the week.
THE GREAT ILLUSION
of the
GYGES,
In which the veritable fact is proven that
THE HUMAN FIGURE
CAN INSTANTLY BE MADE INVISIBLE,
and
HAMLET'S WISH BE REALIZED!
"Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."
Not only is the instant apparent annihilation of the human body effected, but its instant reconstruction, also,
and the
ABSOLUTELY STARTLING EFFECT
of
ONE MAN SEEN THROUGH THE BODY OF ANOTHER!
The result being invisibility with continuous palpability and apparent vacuity of space where really a human form exists.
A NEW PROGRAMME OF MAGIC,
FRESH PIANO FORTE SOLOS,
THE FUNNY WOODEN MINSTRELS,
and Concertina performances, by Mr. A. Sedgwick.
Seats should be secured very early in the day.
Office open from 9 till 4. Doors open in evening at 7½.
MATINEE (with GYGES)
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2 P. M.

TO MANAGERS of Minstrel Troupes,

MASTER LOU PALMER
Is ready to negotiate with responsible Managers. Business, Tamborine, End, Song and Dance, and Comic[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Begins at 7½.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
LAST WEEK
Of the very successful and brilliant engagement of
MRS. F. W. LANDER, formerly MISS DAVENPORT,
who will appear on Monday evening, Feb. 27, 1865, for the
FIRST TIME IN FOUR YEARS,
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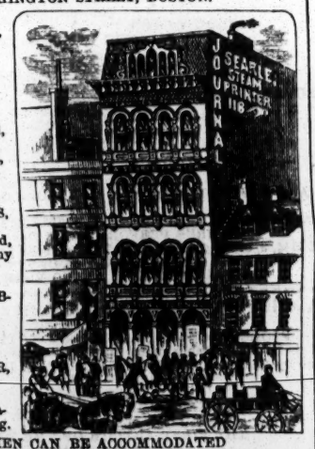

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will appear at each exhibition.
THIS GREAT WORK OF ART,
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COMBINATION OF STAR ARTISTS,
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who appear nightly in a
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